BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Wednesday Morning, Nov. 6th, 1872

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Dennis McFlynn has been thinking about "women's rights," and his excited imagination finds vent in poetry. Read it:

Arrah for the time that is comin',
Whin ladies shall vote like min;
Och, won't the polls be a bloomin'
Wid fithers and crinoline thin!
Election day thin, I am thinkin',
Will be the great day of the year.
Whin lasses and lads will be drinkin'
Together the candidates' beer.

What's the use to wrangle wid Biddy
About who the living shall make?
An' sure if 'twill please her I'm riddy
To give up the hod for her sake,
An' be stayin' all day at the shanty
To 'tend the domestic affairs.
A boilin' the baif an' partaties,
An' mendin' the rips and the tairs.

Thin whin the election approaches,
An' the lassies are marchin' the strate
Wid big bands of music an' torches,
An' Biddy is standin' the trate,
I'll be on the sidewalk hurrahin'
For me on darlin' Biddy McFlynn,
Wid a chile in me arms, and a drawin'
A cab with the another one in.

An, whin she is makin' her spaches
Before the great min of the land,
Sure thin I will lend her my breaches
An' sit by her side on the sthand;
An' after she's done wid her talkin',
Och, thin how the people will cheer,
An' off to the polls be a walkin'
An' votin' for Biddy my dear.

An' whin all the votin' is over
An' Biddy's elected, sure thin
I'll live like a pig in the clover,
Wid Honorable Mrs. McFlynn.
The shanty I'll quickly be lavin'
An' livin' wid illigant taste,
Whi e horse an a shay for my drivin',
An' nager to wait on the b iste.

It's niver a lie I am spakin',
But thrue every word that I say,
It's myself 'twould niver be takin'
The right- of the ladies away.
If a lassie thinkin' it proper
Should shoulder the mortar an' brick
Bad luck to the thaif that wo'd sthop her,
I'd black his two eyes purty quick,

The way is for us all to kape aisy,
An' give to the ladies their way;
They trip up an' vote like a daisy,
No matter what blackguards may say.
An' thin should the office be takin',
Or twirlin' the pick or the spade,
An' for us the livin' be makin',
Who cares, so the livin' is made!

MY MIDNIGHT PERIL.

The night of the seventeenth of October—shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the lonely forest, and the incessant down pour of the rain.

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the deep ravine, through which I could just hear the roar of the turbulent stream some forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold as I thought what might be the possible consequences of a misstep or move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been contented to keep in the high road?"

Hold on! Was that a light, or are my eyes playing me false?

I stopped, holding on to the low, resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually seemed as if they would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It was a light—thank Providence—it was a light, and no ignus fatuus or corpse gleam to lure me on to destruction and death.

"Halloo-o-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion. I plunged through tangled vines, dense briars, and rocky banks, until gradually nearing, I could perceive a figure wrapped in an old oil cloth cape, or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude and the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled, hideous old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow stumps of teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R—— station?"

"Yes; R—— station is twelve miles from here."

"Twelve miles!"

I stood aghast.

"Can you tell me of any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No!"

"Where are you going?"

"To Drew's, down by the maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night? I could pay them well."

His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps stood revealed once more.

"I guess so. Folks do stop there."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then let us make haste and reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed like trackless woods, and keeping straight on until the lights of some habitation gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place with the windows all drawn to one side as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my fellow traveler's knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, valuble words of welcome.

She regretted the poverty of their accommodations; but I was welcome to them, such as they were.

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," I said, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly." The woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.

"Up chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No!"

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you *no!*"

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

"I am not particular-I don't care where you lodge me, only make haste."

So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in a corner of the room, into an apartment ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window where a cot bedstead, crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table, with two chairs formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The woman set the light—an oil lamp—on the table.

"Anything more I can get you, sir?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"I hope you shall sleep well, sir. When shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to R—— station in time for the seven o'clock express.

"I'll be sure and call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down, and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation.

"I will sit down and write to Alice," I thought, "that will soothe my nerves and quite me perhaps."

I descended the ladder. The fire still glowed redly on the stone beneath; my companion and the woman sat beside it talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table eating—a short, stout, villainous looking man, in a red flannel shirt and muddy trowsers.

"My darling Alice."

I paused, and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say could she know of my strange quarters.

Not until both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen, and prepare for slumber. As I folded the paper, I happened to glance toward my couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the cracks of the board partition? or was it but my own fancy? There was a crack there, but only blank darkness beyond; yet could I have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours' sleep; I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So, placing my valise close to the head of my bed, and barricading the lockless door with two chairs, I extinguished the light and lay down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until, all of a sudden, some startling electric thrill coursed through all my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softeness seemed to grow and quiver through the room—no light or moon or star was ever so soft or penetrating—and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long golden hair knotted back by a blue ribbon. Apparently she was beckoning to me with outstretched hands and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed towards her, but as I reached the window, the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness, and I was left alone. At the self same instant, the sharp report of a pistol sounded—I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillar—straight, straight through the very spot where, ten seconds since, my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the ledge of the window, jumping some eight or ten feet into the tangled rose bushes below, and as I crouched there, recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman with the half-closed eyes.

"Of course he is," growled a voice back; "that charge would have killed ten men. A light there, quick, and tell Tom to be ready."

A cold, agonized shudder ran through me. What den of midnight murderers had I fallen into? And how fearfully narrow had been my escape.

With a speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of starlight. I know not what impulse guided my footsteps—I never shall know how many times I crossed my own track, or how close I stood to the brink of the deadly ravine; but some merciful Providence encompassed me with guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint red bars of orient light against the stormy eastern sky I was close to the high road, some seven miles from R——.

Once at the town. I told my story to the local police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot.

After much searching and many false alarms, we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house; but it was empty and deserted. Our birds had flown; nor did I ever recover my valise and watch and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police; "and they've troubled us these two years. I don't think, though they'll come back here just at present!"

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is to come yet. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister, who was with Alice in her English home a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise:—

"I must tell you something very, very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened to us on the night of the 17th of October. Alice had not been so well for some time; in fact, she had been confined to her bed for nearly a week; and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late; the clock had just struck one, when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing cold and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance, but all our efforts seemed vain to restore life or animation. I was just about sending for the doctor when her senses returned as suddenly, as they had left her, and she sat up in bed pushing back her hair and looking wildly around her.

"Alice!" I exclaimed, "how you have terrified us all. Are you ill?"

"Not ill!" she answered; "but I feel so strange! Grace, I have been with my husband."

"And all our reasoning failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertions. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the night of the 17th of October, or rather on the morning of the 18th. Where and how she cannot tell; but we think it must have been some dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthical skein. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths and apparitions; but this thing I do know—that although my wife was at England, in the body, the morning of the 18th of October, her spirit surely stood beside me in New York in the moment of the deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that, to a wife's holy love, all things are possible; but Alice surely saved my life.

Dose Broverbs.

As I have peen regwesded by some of de mosd disfluendal cidizens to spoke or wride on de above subjeed. I vill now tole dem dot de vones I like de best vas dese:

Never pud off dill yesterday vot can't be done some oder dime.

Id vas a bully child vot don't know ds own grand-farder.

Dere vos many a slib bedween de ubber lip, und de dibber.

Dere vos no smoking vere dere didn't vos a bundle uf fire.

Id vos bedder vot you give vot you don't receive.

Ven de Tom Cad vas gone ond, de kiddens got some fun.

Birds of de same kind of fedders go by demselves.

Id vos so leetle easier for a camel to go in a circus den id vas to chew a paper of needles.

Every gleud has a silver-blated lining.

Rome vosn't built during de eighd hour sdrike in dwendy-four hours.

Id vos a long lane yot didn't got some blace in id vere you could turn a slapjack.

Brain a child und he didn't vos grow up.

As de wig vos bant so vos de bald head under dot.

Dree of a kind beads dwo bair.

Vot is all this vorld to a man mitoud his back teedth.

Ven you go by bed early und get up de same dime, you vill have your health, be vorth 50 cends a year, und also got some wiseness.

A conscience vot bleads it vos guildy, don't vant any snoozer to told dot to id.

Don't be so proud by a man pecause he has got a second-hand ragged coad on, dere vos many a honesd liver dot vos on de bead beneadth dot identical coad

Big oak drees from leetle popcorns grow, (I don't know vedder dis vos rite as yet, but I know dot id vos from some kind of a-corn.)

Ven you blay bolicy, id vos so much bedder dot you blay id mit honesdy.

Full slow und sdeady, or you vill peg oud before you go a leetle vay. (Dis broverb don't abbly to drinking viskey.)

As you vos making of your bed, so you vos sure to got lieing down on dot.

A Flush don't, nor never vill, bead four of a kind.

A Colored philosopher thus unburdened himself on one of woman's weaknesses: "Jim, de men don't make such fools of demselves about women as de women do about men. If dey look at de moon dey see a man in it. If dey hear a mouse nibbling, it's a man, and dey all look under de bed last thing at night to find a man. Why I nebber looks under my bed to find a woman, does you?"

Shaving A Millionaire.

Everybody who lives in New Jersey will recollect Billy Gibbons, the millionaire. He was an eccentric man, and numerous stories are told of his freaks. Here is one of them.

It seems that Billy, while in a country village, in which he owned some property stepped into a barber shop to get shaved. The shop was full of customers, and the old gentleman quietly waited for his turn.

A customer, who was under the barber's hands when the old gentleman came in, asked the "knight of the razor," in undertone, if he knew who that was? and on receiving a negative reply, he informed him in a whisper, it was "Old Billy Gibbons, the richest man in the State."

"Gad," said the barber, "I'll charge him for his shave."

Accordingly, after the old man had had that operation performed, he was somewhat surprised upon asking the price to be told that it was seventy-five cents.

"Seventy-five cents?" said he, "isn't that rather a high price?"

"It's my price," said he of the lather-brush, independently, "and as this is the only barber shop in the place them as comes into it must pay what I ask."

To the old man this was evidently a knock-down argument, for he drew three-quarters of a dollar from his pocket, paid them over to the barber, and left the shop.

A short time after he was in close conversation with the landlord of a tavern near by, and the topic of conversation was barber shops.

"Why is it," said he, "there's only one barber shop in town? There seems to be nearly enough work for two."

"Well, there used to be two," said the landlord, "till last winter, when this new man came up from the city and opened a new shop, and as everything in it was fresh and new, folks sort of deserted Bill Harrington's shop, which had been going for nigh fourteen years."

"But didn't this Bill do good work? Didn't he shave well, and—cheap?

"Well, as for that," said the landlord, "Bill did his work well enough, but his shop wasn't on the main street like the new one, and didn't have so many pictures and handsome curtains, and folks got in the way of thinking the chap was more scientific and brought more city fashions with him, though, to tell the truth," said the landlord, striking a chin sown with a beard resembling screen wire, "I never want a lighter touch or a keener razor than Bill Harrington's."

"City fashions—eh?" growled the old man. "So the new man's city fashions shut up the other barber shop?"

"Well, not exactly," said the landlord, "though things never did seem to go well with Bill after the new shop opened; first, one of his little children died of fever; then his wife was long sick, and Bill had a big bill to pay at the doctor's; then as a last mishap, his shop burned down one night, tools, brushes, furniture and all, and no insurance."

"Well," said the old man, pettishly, "why didn't he start again?"

"Start again!" said the communicative landlord; "why, bless your soul, he hasn't got anything to start with."

"H—m—m! Where does this man live?" asked the old man.

He was directed, and ere long was in conversation with the unfortunate tonsor, who corroborated the landlord's story.

"Why don't you take a new shop?" said the old man; "there's a new one in the block right opposite the other barber shop."

"What!" said the other, "you must be crazy. Why that block belongs to old Billy Gibbons; he'd never let one of his stores for a barber shop; they are a mighty sight too good; besides that I haven't got twenty dollars in the world to fit it up with."

"You don't know old Billy Gibbons as well as I do," said he. "Now listen to me. If you can have that shop all fitted up, rent free, what will you work in it for by the month? What is the least you can live on?

This proposition somewhat startled the unfortunate hair-dresser, who finally found words to stammer out that twelve or fifteen dollars a month would be about enough.

"Pshaw!" said the old man, "that won't do. Now listen to me. I'll give you that store, rent free, one year, and engage your services six months, all on these conditions: You are to shave and cut hair for everybody that applies to you, and take no pay; just charge it all to me, and for your services I'll pay you twenty dollars a month, payable in advance—pay to begin now," continued he, placing two ten dollar notes on the table before the astonished barber—who, it is almost unnecessary to state, accepted the proposition, and who was still more surprised to learn that it was Billy Gibbons himself who had hired him.

In a few days the inhabitants of that village were astonished by the appearance of a splendid new barber shop, far surpassing the other in elegance or appointments, and in which, with new mugs, soaps, razors and perfumes, stood a barber and assistant ready to do duty, on the heads and beards of the people. Over the door was inscribed: "William Harrington, Shaving and Hair Dressing Saloon."

The people were not long in ascertaining or slow in availing themselves of the privileges of this establishment, and it was not to be wondered at that it was crowded and the other deserted. The other held out for some weeks; suspecting this free shaving—for Bill kept his secret well—was but a dodge to entice customers away, who would soon be charged as usual; but when, at the end of six weeks, he found Billy working away as usual, charging not a a cent for his labor, he came to the conclusion that he must have drawn a prize in the lottery, or stumbled upon a good mine, and was keeping a barber shop for fun, so he closed his shop in despair, and left the place.

Meantime Bill Harrington kept on busy as a bee, and one fine morning his employer stepped in without a word, sat down and was shaved. On rising from his chair he asked to see the score for the six months past. The barber exhibited it, and after a careful calculation, the the old man said:

"Plenty of customers, eh?"

"Lots of 'em," said the barber; "never did such a business in my life."

"Well," replied Money Bags, "you have kept the account well. I see I've paid you one hundred and twenty dollars for services—all right, and there are three hundred and thirty charged for shaving, all that applied. Now, this furniture cost one hundred and eight dollars. Here it is. Now you own this furniture, and are to have this shop, rent free, six months longer, and after to-day you are to charge the regular price for work, for your pay from me stops to day."

This of course the barber gladly assented to.

"But," said the old man, on leaving, "take care you never cheat a man by charging ten times the usual price for a shave, for it may be another 'old Billy Gibbons.'"

"Consider Me Smith."

A good story is told of Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina.

The doctor was a small man, and lean, but hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked as though he might be tought, but did not seem strong. Nevertheless, he was among the knowing ones, as agile as a cat, and in addition, was by no means deficient in a knowledge of the "manly art."

Well, in the Freshmen Class of a certain year was a burly breef mountaineer of eighteen or nineteen. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus's physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his rule.

Poor Jones, that is what we call him, had no idea of moral force. At any rate, he was not inclined to knock under and be controlled despotically by a man he imagined he could tie and whip. At length he determined to give the old gentleman a genteel private thrashing, some night, in the College Campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the doctor crossing the Campus. Walking up to him, abruptly:

"Hello, Smith! you rascal!"

And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that nearly felled him.

Old bolus said nothing, but squarred himself, and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight and muscle made him an ugly customer, but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his antagonist down, and was astraddle of his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of the head.

"Ah! stop! I beg pardon. Doctor, Doctor Caldwell—a mistake—for Heaven's sake, doctor!" he groaned. "I really thought it was Smith!"

The doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately.

"It makes no difference; for all present purposes consider me Smith."

And it is said that old Bolus gave Jones such a pounding that he never made another mistake as to personal identity.

A Physician in Western Massachusetts recently had a lady patient who for several weeks had been suffering from nausea, general prostration and other symptoms of slow poisoning. Failing to discover the cause of the symptoms, as a last resort the doctor requests her to move from her chamber, the walls of which were covered with paper of a very light shade of green; so light, indeed, that in the evening it could scarcely be distinguished from white. After leaving the room the symptoms immediately disappeared, and the patient rapidly recovered. A sample of the paper was analyzed and found to contain a large quantity of arsenic. It was estimated that every square foot of this innocent looking paper contained an amount of the poison equivalent to five grains of arsenious acid, or double the fatal does for an adult person. This, in the moist warm weather of last July and August, was amply sufficient to keep the air of a room constantly impregnated with the poison and any person occupying such a room would be as certainly poisoned as though the arsenic had been taken into the stomach.

For the Republican.

INTEMPERANCE.

What a sad thing is intemperance. It has brought many living souls to the grave; and many more are still following in the same path.

Although intemperance does not reign in our land, as much as it did in years gone by; still their are vast numbers of people leaving us day after day, from the cause of it.

What a terrible thing it is to see men taking those bitter and intoxicating drinks, which make them act like men without sense. If they begin this, the appetite becomes so strong that they cannot leave off drinking; and then death, like a victim, snatches them away unprepared; for God has said, the way we live through life so we must die, prepared or unprepared.

What a sad thing it is to see men, women and even children, reeling about the streets from the effect of these deadly drinks.

Oh! how many young men there are who now sleep the sleep of the drunkard, for even last evening there was a man killed on account of liquor. What striking news that would be to carry home to his poor wife and children.

Little did they think that such would be their terrible end when they raised the first glass of sparkling wine to their lips.

How pleasant it would be to us, and even to God, who is ruler over all things if people would leave off drinking, and try to serve Him, who died a shameful and cruel death on the cross to save us.

Many homes have been made desolate—many hearts broken—by the use of that deadly drink; and oh, brothers, never touch nor taste the poisonous wine, for it kills both soul and body, and not only that, but it destroys the enjoyment and happiness of wives and children.

For who does not look on a drunkards child with scorn, who will associate with them, and who will try to cheer them on there lonely path?

See that poor wife sinking with sorrow, her beggared children present the most loathing sight to the human eye, simply because the father who ought to love and provide for them, is spending all he earns for poisonous drinks.

See that kind and affectionate mother who watched over her child in infancy, who guided his feeble footsteps, and gave him all the necessaries of life, who loved him as no other earthly being could have done, she shared his little troubles, and rejoiced when he was happy, and even now, since he has grown up, does she rejoice. And to think that he could be so cruel, and so wicked as to destroy the peace and happiness of his mother, by drinking those horrid drinks, which perhaps, in a few years will lead him to a drunkard's grave.

Intemperance has swept across vast portions of this wide world, and many to-day feel the effect of it; for many are now lying mouldering in drunkard's graves, and many widows and orphans are weeping and sorrowing to-day on account of it.

It is a sad thing to think of, and to see so many passing there time away in drinking, and bringing there souls to everlasting punishment.

I hope, however, that in a few years that wherever liquor is sold, it will be banished entirely, and not only in Millesburg and Bellefonte, but all over this wide world, and by the help of God it can be done and by watching and praying and not until then.

We are loosing thousands from churches, and Sabbath schools, and all other places of religious devotions, and thousands upon thousands are not there that would be if it were not for intemperance.

"As Prof. Babcock stated during his stay with us, that it is a crime against the soul, and that a man is valued in the Bible, according to the priceless possibilities of his soul, and that the crime of our drinking, drowns the voice of reason, retards and destroys the spiritual development, and shuts out the light of truth it corrupts the heart, deadens the spiritual sensibilities, paralyzes the heavenly aspirations, and debases the feelings. Should we not then, think it a sin to engage in doing so, when God, has warned us what would be our end.

If people would only take the pledge and keep it, many more souls would be saved—peace and happiness would reign instead of intemperance.

ALICE.

Millesburg, October 24th, 1872.

A lame girl, who had not for fourteen years, once left the third story back room in which she lived, was among those who participated in the late children's excursion in Phila.—When carried to the park she asked what the grass and trees were, and had to be told the names of the most common objects. She lay on the grass all day, drinking in the air and sunshine, and was seen to weep softly every little while from pure joy.

"What's that?" said a teacher, pointing to the letter X, to a little ragged urchin. "Daddy's name." "No sir, boy." "Yes, it is; I've seen him write it a good many times."

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.
R. B. BARGER,....Proprietor.
W. W. BROWN,.....Editor.
Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance.

GLORIOUS NEWS! OUR TRIUMPH COMPLETE! LARGE GAINS!

As we go to press we have received but little news from the county, but enough, however, from this State and other States to assure us of the triumphant election of Grant & Wilson.

Liberty township gives Grant & Wilson 99 majority, gain of 21 over last election. Boggs 133 majority for Grant a gain of 19. Milesburg 76 for Grant a gain of 13. Philipsburg 60 for Grant a gain of 11. Howard Borough 14 majority for Grant, a gain of 11. Howard twp., 55 for Grant, a gain of 15. Rush twp, Grant's majority 30, gain 43. Huston twp., 95 for Grant, a gain of 25. Unionville has a gain of 5. Union twp. a gain of 24. Bellefonte Borough 126, a gain of 12. Benner twp. a gain of 32 Spring twp., a gain of 42. Snow Shoe twp., gives Grant a majority of 45, a gain of 47. Harris twp., Grant's majority 111, a gain of 30. Ferguson twp., Grant's maj. 19, a gain of 89.

The above foot up a gain of 439 in the county.

In Clearfield Borough and Lawrence tp., Grant's gain is 170.

New York City gives Greeley 25,000 majority. The State good for Grant by 30,000.

Allegheny city gives 20,000 majority. Harrisburg 1,300. Phila. City gives 40,000 majority. The State good for 75,000 or 100,000.

THE LATEST!

Philadelphia	35,000
Maine	25,000
Vermont	31,000
Connecticut	6,000
Rhode Island	8,500
New York	35,000
North Carolina	10,000
Pennsylvania	100,000
Ohio	30,000
Wisconsin	15,000
Indiania	5,000
Michigan	30,000
Massachusetts	40,000
New Hampshire	6,000
Nebraska	10,000

A SHORT CATECHISM.

The election is now over, and although the returns from all the States are not heard from the result is so certain and fixed that we venture for the benefit of our readers the following catechism:

Who was Horace Greeley?

He was formerly editor of the New York *Tribune*, and was the Democratic candidate for President.

How long has he been a Democrat?

Since the Baltimore Convention.

Before the Convention what was he?

A sore-head Republican.

What is a sore-head Republican?

A Republican who wants his own way in everything, and if he cannot have it kicks up a row in the family.

Before Horace became a sore-head, what was he?

A Republican editor who conceived that he was specially chosen to abuse Democrats, denounce their party, and use the strongest language against anything and everything that was tainted with Democracy.

How did he abuse Democrats?

He called them horse thieves, free booters, villains, ruffians, repeaters, ballot-box stuffers, pugilists, whiskey suckers, State prison candidates, and a number of other epithets too numerous to remember.

What did he say about their party?

He said its triumph would be "the gravest of National Calamities," that it was "rebellion seeking through the ballot what it failed to secure in battle;" that its elevation to power would be the "virtual re-enslavement of the black race and the surrender of all that loyalty had won in the field."

For what was he distinguished as a Republican?

For advocating the right of secession and for demanding that "our erring sisters depart in peace." He was also distinguished for getting our armies into trouble by his "on to Richmond policy." When our armies fought he blamed them for fighting; when they didn't fight, he urged them to pitch in and scatter the rebels "like leaves before the autumn winds."

Did he distinguish himself during the rebellion.

Yes; he went to Niagara to concoct a plan for peace in thirty days.

What was his plan?

To let the South have its own way, and pay it $400,000,000 for the damage we had done.

Who defeated the plan?

"Honest Old Abe." He put his foot upon it and stopped the treasonable negotiations at once. Stanton wanted to send Greeley to Fort Lafayette, but Lincoln called Horace "an old granny" and let him alone.

For what reason did he hope for the support of the South?

For his secession sentiments, and being on the bail bond of that political saint Jeff Davis.

Why did he go bail for Jeff?

Because he thought it would be a winning card in the Presidential race.

For what was he best known in the North?

For eating his own words, swinging around the circle, abusing the soldiers, defending rebellion, and for his insane desire to be called "His Excellency President Greeley."

Why did he call his party the party of reform?

Because he expected the Democrats who supported him to reform their habits, stop stealing, ballot-box stuffing and like playful excentricities.

Why did he call himself the "Liberal" candidate?

Because he wished his hungry followers to understand that when he succeeded in getting into office they could be as liberal with the public funds as they pleased.

Was he elected?

No!

Why?

The people did not want him.

Who killed "Cock Robin?" That is the question.

Why did the loyal people of the United States not want Greeley?

Because they had set their hearts on a better man.

Who was that man.

The present Executive, General Grant.

Who is Gen. Grant.

He is the man who conquered the rebellion; corrected the evils of Andy Jonnson; made England pay $15,000,000 in gold for helping the rebels; paid over $358,000,000 on our National debt; reduced taxation over $170,000,000; secured peace and prosperity to the nation; and *the* man who was chosen on the 5th inst., (yesterday,) as the next President by a larger popular vote than that ever received by any other President.

COME HOME.

Now that the election is over and the victory certainly achieved, the Republican party in the glorious hour of its triumph can afford to be magnanimous. We, as a party have never been proscriptive in our policy. Our party is strong, but not overbearing. It can afford to be what it is—generous to its friends, magnanimous to its enemies. There are those who have gone out of the party through a mistaken sense of duty, let them return.

If they thought the Greeley movement meant reform, they must have discovered their error by this time.

Now since the victory has been won, and your eyes opened, why persist in clinging to your folly, or remaining out of the fold.

It is more manly to openly acknowledge a mistake than to persist in defending it.

Come home brothers!

The doors of the Republican party, like the gates of mercy, stand open wide, to welcome your return.

We ask you to return to the fold, not because we think we will ever need your votes so long as our party does its duty; but because we wish to save you from the consequences which will follow your attachment to a party which can have no sympathy in common with you.

Come home!

There is a wide field of labor opening up before us. We must redeem Centre county, we must control the Government, we saved from destruction.

Open your eyes to the dangers which beset the path in which you are traveling.

Abandon it without delay.

Come home where you belong.

The larder is full, and the family table is ladened with good things.

The old folk will forgive and forget your little freak of misplaced confidence in running away from home.

The old place awaits your coming.

Come home brothers, come home and commence the work now for next falls campaign; and if the proper spirit is kept up, and every man stands, as during the shock of armies, shoulder to shoulder, elbows touching, and steadily move forward on the enemy's works, we will not only redeem the county, and rule the country for years to come; but we will all live happy, prosper in our business, perpetuate our Government, and extend the blessings of civil and religious liberty all over the world.

DEAD DEAD.

There is something sad in the word dead. It always compels one to think—to think of himself, what he is, what he should be, and what he must be, to enjoy that better life of which we read when it shall be said of him, he is dead.

But how much sadder it must be when it can be said that a whole community of individual men, spreading all over the United States, joined together in unity of interests and composing one organization called the Democratic party, is Dead?

Sad! Sad! indeed, must be the feelings of every heart kindly disposed, at the fate of the once great Democratic party.

Yesterday it died. It is dead. It died from wounds caused by the coalition (collision) of the two political elements Liberalism and Democracy, which occured at Baltimore last July.

What shall we do with the corps?

Will the record of the Democratic party ever die?

No!

It is recorded in history, writen in the blood of more than three hundred thousand of the sons of the nation.

It opposed the "Old Flag." In it the Democratic party really had no interest.

They trampled it under their feet at Fort Sumpter and therefor cannot have it for their winding sheet.

Wrap me in the "Old Flag" said the dying soldier and bury me with the honors of war?

No such honor as this can be given the corps of this dead Democratic party.

Four years ago it was a magnificent army.

Even against Grant *says an exchange*, with a sympathiser like Horatio Seymour as the opposing candidate for President *two millions seven hundred and three thousand, two hundred and forty nine votes* were its showing in 1868, only 309,584 less than the votes of the Republicans."

But it forsook its principles in 1872. It acknowledged that it had no candidate of its own fit for President.

It adopted Greeley, and of the Democratic party to day we write DEAD, DEAD.

CENTRE REPORTER.—Fred Kurtz, calls to account the Clinton *Republican*, for having taken exceptions to the scurrilous abuse the *Reporter* heaped upon Rev. Wylie, of our town, for the simple exercise of his clear and unquestionable right, in a very proper and becoming manner. Fred propounds the following sage questions to the Clinton *Republican*:

"Is it proper for a clergyman to illuminate his house to show his approbation of a demonstration gotten up in hate and spite, not to say with the direct purpose to insult A. G. Curtin, or any other citizen? We admit his right to do so.

"Is it proper for a clergyman to illuminate his house to show that he goes in favor of the Cameron-Hartranft ring of plunderers? He has the right to do so.

"Is it proper for a clergyman to illuminate his house and show his enthusiasm for a man for governor, who visited the low saloons of Pittsburgh—the ante-chambers of hell—to drink lager with men and boys in order to have the support of the saloon keepers and whiskey element, as did Gen. Hartranft, a few days before the election, as proven by sworn affidavits? He has the right to do so."

Were we the *Clinton Republican*, we would simply say to Fred that his questions are founded on the false assumption of fact. The charges he reiterates are those, he and his no less unscrupulous Democratic howlers, made throughout the present campaign.

The intelligent verdict of the people have pronounced the charges, false and unfounded. The verity of the editor of the *Reporter*, will not have the slightest effect upon that verdict. So the question as to the propriety, or the impropriety of the action of Rev. Wylie, is not properly raised by the pleadings, they in themselves being unfounded in fact.

Do not suffer with headache when one application of Pain Cure Oil will relieve you. All Druggists and Merchants keep it for sale. Sold wholesale and retail by F. P. Green Druggist Bellefonte Pa.

A NATIONAL CENSUS IN 1875.

The forthcoming report of the Census Bureau, which will be communicated to Congress at its approaching session, contains a recommendation that is entitled to a careful consideration. It is that a quintennial census shall be regularly taken of the population of the whole Republic, reserving all other details to be collected only every ten years as at present. A full decennial census is a very elaborate, troublesome and expensive affair, and for that reason it would not be advisable to take one oftener. But a census of the population may and should be taken more frequently, and would be of great value in exhibiting the regular progress and growth of the nation in all its parts. That this is desirable, is shown by the fact that many of the States do take such a census, and as a consequence these States always have the advantage of others in demonstrating their actual progress to the world.

The aggregate of population presented by the census of 1870, fell short of the general expectations about three and a half millions. According to all the calculations, based on preceeding increments, we should have reached 42,000,000 in 1870, or at least 40,000,000, and we only attained 38,500,000, which, while it was a gratifying increase in view of the awful ravages of four years of unprecedented civil war, disappointed our people. It was a great point with us to be able to prove to the all world that the war had not arrested our growth, as in fact it had not, and this should have satisfied us, but it did not because we were looking far ahead, and in 1870 we had already almost forgotten the calamities of the war. It had become, however, a matter of national pride with us to attain a leading position among civilized nations. We knew exactly what we had to do to pass all European Powers except Russia, and we all calculated that an aggregate of 42,000,000 would do it.

We all fancied that the census of 1870 would have left us with Russia alone of all Christian Powers ahead of us in population. But who could have foreseen the wondrous career of Prussia? According to all our previous experience we shall in the current decade expand sufficiently to number in 1880 not less than 50,000,000. But that is a mighty aggregate, and requires peace and prosperity to ensure it. Whether this will put us ahead of Germany it is impossible now to see, since no one can at present fortell what new conquests and annexations Bismarck may be plotting, and the German race is proverbially prolific in its increase. If the European immigration to the United States shall continue to swell as it has done, it is possible that we shall in 1880 considerably exceed 50,000,000. Of this we should be able to judge if we were to to take a census of population in 1875. That would probably bring us up to about 42,000,000, though some estimates would put it at 45,000,000.

There would be one special advantage in taking a census of population in 1875, and to this, no doubt the Superintendent of the Bureau refers. It is that the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of the Republic occurs the following year, and the census returns could all be made up in time to make a national exhibit on the occasion. In 1876 the census of 1870 will be somewhat out of date, and people will want something later to make use of to show what the Republic is, and to what a height it has risen from the small and feeble beginnings of the Colonial days. If unembarrassed by other things the census takers could make a quicker and more accurate census than any of the decennial enumerations have ever been.

These official statistics form no small part of the reliance of a nation for security against frivolous and causeless wars. For a nation that has a large population and abundant resources is not likely to be attacked by any other without serious differences or elaborate preparation. The prodigious expanse of the Russian Empire is an appalling thing to a foreign Power contemplating a war with it, and the vast population and internal resources of Russia seem equally portentous. So it has been the policy of all our statesmen to build up this Republic in proportions so stupendous as to keep off assailants by sheer dread of its imposing bulk. The prodigious population of India has been converted, by British training and military science, into such a colossal power for war purposes that there is really no Power in Asia to stand against it.

Hence numbers are more valuable as a national reliance than might be supposed by the casual observer. The southern confederates found this out in blood, humiliation and dismay, when the overhelming strength of the multitudinous north crushed out slavery and rebellion by main force. And France found it so, too, when Germany marched against her as an armed nation. So Napoleon the great found, when at Leipsic he felt the first check from the tremendous armies of Russia, Austria and Prussia. It is not, therefore, mere vanity that leads us to look constantly to our numbers, for they are the grandest of all our resources. The vast human power of intelligence and courage, and devotion and strength residing in them, are equal to the whole remaining power of all this western hemisphere; and if no European nations were to be contended against, we could to day take possession of the entire continent, and all the adjacent islands, from the north pole to Terra del Fuego.—*North American and U. S. Gazett.*

[For the REPUBLICAN]

PYTHIAN FRIENDSHIP.

When Damon was sentenced by Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, to die on a certain day, he prayed permission to retire in the meantime to his own country to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended to most peremptorily refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, made the equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself to confinement in place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The King and all his courtiers, were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover in human affairs: and they looked on virtue, friendship and benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak.

They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly, to a defect of understanding, merely, and no way, to any virtue or good quality of heart. When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon.

Having reproached him for the extravagance of his conduct, and rallied him sometime on his madness, in presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as romantic as himself. "My Lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honor. He cannot fail therein, my Lord; I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of our existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honorable endeavors; and suffer him not to arrive till by my death I have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his country. O, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon." Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and the manner, still more affecting, in which they were uttered.

He felt his heart struck by a slight sense of inrading truth; but it served rather to perplex than to undecieve him. He hesitated. He would have spoken; but he looked down and retired in silence. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and walked amidst the guard, with a serious and satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne, drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive, and attentive to the demeanor of the prisoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned, and with a pleasing countenance, thus addressed the assembly: "My prayers are heard. The gods are propitious; you know my friends that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come; he could not conquer impossibilities. He will be here to-morrow; and the blood which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend. Oh! could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honor of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the meantime, that my friend will be found noble—that his truth is unimpeachable—that he will speedily prove it, that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adversed elements, and the gods. But I hasten to prevent his speed. Executioner, do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words; and "Stop, stop the execution!" was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach: he was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias, straightly embraced,—"you are safe," he cried, "you are safe, my friend, my beloved! the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer; and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own."

Pale and almost speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents, "Fatal haste! cruel impatience! What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favor? but I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you." Dionysius heard, beheld and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truth, so incontestibly proved by facts. He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold, "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he exclaimed, "Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue! Live happy! Live renowned! And O! form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

The story of Damon and Pythias affords a noble example of genuine friendship and true chivalry. If we cannot easily attain the perfection of such an example, we can at least strive for it.—We can weep with sorrowing friends, and rejoice with those that are happy. We can rest the weary head, smooth the pillow of the dying, and lighten the afflictions of the broken hearted. We can lift up those who fall, and strengthen the weak and wavering. We can hush the voice of the slanderer, and breath peace to a distracted country, a discordant state, a ruptured neighborhood, a divided family, and estranged friends. This is the mission of the Knights of Pythias, and by God's blessing, we hope our moral victories will be as rapid and as sure as those which science has achieved, and is daily achieving, over the elements of the natural world. So long as the sun shall rise and set, and the seasons come and go; so long as the waters shall flow towards the ocean in ceaseless streams, so long will the memory of the unselfish friendship of Damon and Pythias be wafted down the stream of time, the brightest example on record.

And the order dedicated to their honor now stands forth a young giant, challenging the admiration of all the older institutions of like character in the land.

CENTRE.

WHERE, OH WHERE?

Daniel Webster, (says the Phila. *Press*) asked, just twenty years ago, when the Whig party was dissolving "Where am I to go?" and now every one of these nearly three millions of Democrats, in view of the disappearing strength of their party, is asking the same question. The great act of grace has happily been performed for most of these Democratic millions. If not Republicans in fact, they have yielded to Republican ideas. There is no profit for them in the idle work of opposition. Their interest and their duty are to support what they have accepted. And in this mission they may do much to redeem themselves. Ours is a country of changes in all things; not alone in physical geography; not alone in the material arts; but also in the science of government. Let us see whether the Democrats can adapt themselves to the new order of events, or will blindly flutter, like bats, in the twilight of prejudice."

Col. Forney is determined not to be read out of the Republican party.

OUR victory on the 5th is complete. What will Greeley do now?

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Wednesday Morning, Nov. 6th, 1872

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Dennis McFlynn has been thinking about "women's rights," and his excited imagination finds vent in poetry. Read it:

Arrah for the time that is comin',
Whin ladies shall vote like min;
Och, won't the polls be a bloomin'
Wid fithers and crinoline thin!
Election day thin, I am thinkin',
Will be the great day of the year.
Whin lasses and lads will be drinkin'
Together the candidates' beer.

What's the use to wrangle wid Biddy
About who the living shall make?
An' sure if 'twill please her I'm riddy
To give up the hod for her sake,
An' be stayin' all day at the shanty
To 'tend the domestic affairs.
A boilin' the baif an' partaties,
An' mendin' the rips and the tairs.

Thin whin the election approaches,
An' the lassies are marchin' the strate
Wid big bands of music an' torches,
An' Biddy is standin' the trate,
I'll be on the sidewalk hurrahin'
For me on darlin' Biddy McFlynn,
Wid a chile in me arms, and a drawin'
A cab with the another one in.

An, whin she is makin' her spaches
Before the great min of the land,
Sure thin I will lend her my breaches
An' sit by her side on the sthand;
An' after she's done wid her talkin',
Och, thin how the people will cheer,
An' off to the polls be a walkin'
An' votin' for Biddy my dear.

An' whin all the votin' is over
An' Biddy's elected, sure thin
I'll live like a pig in the clover,
Wid Honorable Mrs. McFlynn.
The shanty I'll quickly be lavin'
An' livin' wid illigant taste,
Wid e horse an a shay for my drivin',
An' nager to wait on the b iste.

It's niver a lie I am spakin',
But thrue every word that I say,
It's myself 'twould niver be takin'
The right- of the ladies away.
If a lassie thinkin' it proper
Should shoulder the mortar an' brick
Bad luck to the thafi that wo'd sthop her,
I'd black his two eyes purty quick,

The way is for us all to kape aisy,
An' give to the ladies their way;
They trip up an' vote like a daisy,
No matter what blackguards may say.
An' thin should the office be takin',
Or twirlin' the pick or the spade,
An' for us the livin' be makin',
Who cares, so the livin' is made!

MY MIDNIGHT PERIL.

The night of the seventeenth of October—shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the lonely forest, and the incessant down pour of the rain.

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the deep ravine, through which I could just hear the roar of the turbulent stream some forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold as I thought what might be the possible consequences of a misstep or move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been contented to keep in the high road?"

Hold on! Was that a light, or are my eyes playing me false?

I stopped, holding on to the low, resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually seemed as if they would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It was a light—thank Providence—it was a light, and no ignus fatuus or corpse gleam to lure me on to destruction and death.

"Halloo-o-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion. I plunged through tangled vines, dense briars, and rocky banks, until gradually nearing, I could perceive a figure wrapped in an old oil cloth cape, or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude and the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled, hideous old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow stumps of teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R—— station?"

"Yes; R—— station is twelve miles from here."

"Twelve miles!"

I stood aghast.

"Can you tell me of any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No!"

"Where are you going?"

"To Drew's, down by the maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night? I could pay them well."

His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps stood revealed once more.

"I guess so. Folks do stop there."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then let us make haste and reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed like trackless woods, and keeping straight on until the lights of some habitation gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place with the windows all drawn to one side as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my fellow traveler's knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, valuble words of welcome.

She regretted the poverty of their accommodations; but I was welcome to them, such as they were.

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," I said, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly." The woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.

"Up chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No!"

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you no!"

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

"I am not particular—I don't care where you lodge me, only make haste."

So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in a corner of the room, into an apartment ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window where a cot bedstead, crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table, with two chairs formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The woman set the light—an oil lamp—on the table.

"Anything more I can get you, sir?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"I hope you shall sleep well, sir. When shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to R—— station in time for the seven o'clock express.

"I'll be sure and call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down, and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation.

"I will sit down and write to Alice," I thought, "that will soothe my nerves and quite me perhaps."

I descended the ladder. The fire still glowed redly on the stone beneath; my companion and the woman sat beside it talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table eating—a short, stout, villainous looking man, in a red flannel shirt and muddy trowsers.

"My darling Alice."

I paused, and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say could she know of my strange quarters.

Not until both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen, and prepare for slumber. As I folded the paper, I happened to glance toward my couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the cracks of the board partition? or was it but my own fancy? There was a crack there, but only blank darkness beyond; yet could I have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours' sleep; I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So, placing my valise close to the head of my bed, and barricading the lockless door with two chairs, I extinguished the light and lay down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until, all of a sudden, some startling electric thrill coursed through all my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softeness seemed to grow and quiver through the room—no light or moon or star was ever so soft or penetrating—and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long golden hair knotted back by a blue ribbon. Apparently she was beckoning to me with outstretched hands and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed towards her, but as I reached the window, the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness, and I was left alone. At the self same instant, the sharp report of a pistol sounded—I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillar—straight, straight through the very spot where, ten seconds since, my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the ledge of the window, jumping some eight or ten feet into the tangled rose bushes below, and as I crouched there, recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman with the half-closed eyes.

"Of course he is," growled a voice back; "that charge would have killed ten men. A light there, quick, and tell Tom to be ready."

A cold, agonized shudder ran through me. What den of midnight murderers had I fallen into? And how fearfully narrow had been my escape.

With a speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of starlight. I know not what impulse guided my footsteps—I never shall know how many times I crossed my own track, or how close I stood to the brink of the deadly ravine; but some merciful Providence encompassed me with guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint red bars of orient light against the stormy eastern sky I was close to the high road, some seven miles from R——.

Once at the town. I told my story to the local police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot.

After much searching and many false alarms, we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house; but it was empty and deserted. Our birds had flown; nor did I ever recover my valise and watch and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police; "and they've troubled us these two years. I don't think, though they'll come back here just at present!"

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is to come yet. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister, who was with Alice in her English home a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise:—

"I must tell you something very, very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened to us on the night of the 17th of October. Alice had not been so well for some time; in fact, she had been confined to her bed for nearly a week; and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late; the clock had just struck one, when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing cold and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance, but all our efforts seemed vain to restore life or animation. I was just about sending for the doctor when her senses returned as suddenly, as they had left her, and she sat up in bed pushing back her hair and looking wildly around her.

"Alice!" I exclaimed, "how you have terrified us all. Are you ill?"

"Not ill!" she answered; "but I feel so strange! Grace, I have been with my husband."

"And all our reasoning failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertions. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the night of the 17th of October, or rather on the morning of the 18th. Where and how she cannot tell; but we think it must have been some dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthical skein. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths and apparitions; but this thing I do know—that although my wife was at England, in the body, the morning of the 18th of October, her spirit surely stood beside me in New York in the moment of the deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that, to a wife's holy love, all things are possible; but Alice surely saved my life.

Dose Broverbs.

As I have peen regwesded by some of de most disfluendal cidizens to spoke or wride on de above subjeed. I vill now tole dem dot de vones I like de best vas dese:

Never pud off dill yesterday vot can't be done some oder dime.

Id vas a bully child vot don't know ds own grand-farder.

Dere vos many a slib bedween de ubber lip, und de dibber.

Dere vos no smoking vere dere didn't vos a bundle uf fire.

Id vos bedder vot you give vot you don't receive.

Ven de Tom Cad vas gone ound, de kiddens got some fun.

Birds of de same kind of fedders go by demselves.

Id vos so leetle easier for a camel to go in a circus den id vas to chew a paper of needles.

Every gleud has a silver-blated lining.

Rome vosn't built during de eighd hour sdrike in dwendy-four hours.

Id vos a long lane yot didn't got some blace in id vere you could turn a slapjack.

Brain a child und he didn't vos grow up.

As de wig vos bant so vos de bald head under dot.

Dree of a kind beads dwo bair.

Vot is all this vorld to a man mitoud his back teedth.

Ven you go by bed early und get up de same dime, you vill have your health, be vorth 50 cends a year, und also got some wiseness.

A conscience vot bleads it vos guildy, don't vant any snoozer to told dot to id.

Don't be so proud by a man pecause he has got a second-hand ragged coad on, dere vos many a honesd liver dot vos on de bead beneadth dot identical coad

Big oak drees from leetle popcorns grow, (I don't know vedder dis vos rite as yet, but I know dot id vos from some kind of a-corn.)

Ven you blay bolicy, id vos so much bedder dot you blay id mit honesdy.

Pull slow und sdeady, or you vill peg oud before you go a leetle vay. (Dis broverb don't abbly to drinking viskey.)

As you vos making of your bed, so you vos sure to got lieing down on dot.

A Flush don't, nor never vill, bead four of a kind.

A COLORED philosopher thus unburdened himself on one of woman's weaknesses: "Jim, de men don't make such fools of demselves about women as de women do about men. It dey look at de moon dey see a man in it. If dey hear a mouse nibbling, it's a man, and dey all look under de bed last thing at night to find a man. Why I nebber looks under my bed to find a woman, does you?"

Shaving A Millionaire.

Everybody who lives in New Jersey will recollect Billy Gibbons, the millionaire. He was an eccentric man, and numerous stories are told of his freaks. Here is one of them.

It seems that Billy, while in a country village, in which he owned some property stepped into a barber shop to get shaved. The shop was full of customers, and the old gentleman quietly waited for his turn.

A customer, who was under the barber's hands when the old gentleman came in, asked the "knight of the razor," in undertone, if he knew who that was? and on receiving a negative reply, he informed him in a whisper, it was "Old Billy Gibbons, the richest man in the State."

"Gad," said the barber, "I'll charge him for his shave."

Accordingly, after the old man had had that operation performed, he was somewhat surprised upon asking the price to be told that it was seventy-five cents.

"Seventy-five cents?" said he, "isn't that rather a high price?"

"It's my price," said he of the lather-brush, independently, "and as this is the only barber shop in the place them as comes into it must pay what I ask."

To the old man this was evidently a knock-down argument, for he drew three-quarters of a dollar from his pocket, paid them over to the barber, and left the shop.

A short time after he was in close conversation with the landlord of a tavern near by, and the topic of conversation was barber shops.

"Why is it," said he, "there's only one barber shop in town? There seems to be nearly enough work for two."

"Well, there used to be two," said the landlord, "till last winter, when this new man came up from the city and opened a new shop, and as everything in it was fresh and new, folks sort of deserted Bill Harrington's shop, which had been going for nigh fourteen years."

"But didn't this Bill do good work? Didn't he shave well, and—cheap?

"Well, as for that," said the landlord, "Bill did his work well enough, but his shop wasn't on the main street like the new one, and didn't have so many pictures and handsome curtains, and folks got in the way of thinking the chap was more scientific and brought more city fashions with him, though, to tell the truth," said the landlord, striking a chin sown with a beard resembling screen wire, "I never want a lighter touch or a keener razor than Bill Harrington's."

"City fashions—eh?" growled the old man. "So the new man's city fashions shut up the other barber shop?"

"Well, not exactly," said the landlord, "though things never did seem to go well with Bill after the new shop opened; first, one of his little children died of fever; then his wife was long sick, and Bill had a big bill to pay at the doctor's; then as a last mishap, his shop burned down one night, tools, brushes, furniture and all, and no insurance."

"Well," said the old man, pettishly, "why didn't he start again?"

"Start again!" said the communicative landlord; "why, bless your soul, he hasn't got anything to start with."

"H—m—m! Where does this man live?" asked the old man.

He was directed, and ere long was in conversation with the unfortunate tonsor, who corroborated the landlord's story.

"Why don't you take a new shop?" said the old man; "there's a new one in the block right opposite the other barber shop."

"What!" said the other, "you must be crazy. Why that block belongs to old Billy Gibbons; he'd never let one of his stores for a barber shop; they are a mighty sight too good; besides that I haven't got twenty dollars in the world to fit it up with."

"You don't know old Billy Gibbons as well as I do," said he. "Now listen to me. If you can have that shop all fitted up, rent free, what will you work in it for by the month? What is the least you can live on?

This proposition somewhat startled the unfortunate hair-dresser, who finally found words to stammer out that twelve or fifteen dollars a month would be about enough.

"Pshaw!" said the old man, "that won't do. Now listen to me. I'll give you that store, rent free, one year, and engage your services six months, all on these conditions: You are to shave and cut hair for everybody that applies to you, and take no pay; just charge it all to me, and for your services I'll pay you twenty dollars a month, payable in advance—pay to begin now," continued he, placing two ten dollar notes on the table before the astonished barber—who, it is almost unnecessary to state, accepted the proposition, and who was still more surprised to learn that it was Billy Gibbons himself who had hired him.

In a few days the inhabitants of that village were astonished by the appearance of a splendid new barber shop, far surpassing the other in elegance or appointments, and in which, with new mugs, soaps, razors and perfumes, stood a barber and assistant ready to do duty, on the heads and beards of the people. Over the door was inscribed: "William Harrington, Shaving and Hair Dressing Saloon."

The people were not long in ascertaining or slow in availing themselves of the privileges of this establishment, and it was not to be wondered at that it was crowded and the other deserted. The other held out for some weeks; suspecting the free shaving—for Bill kept his secret well—was but a dodge to entice customers away, who would soon be charged as usual; but when, at the end of six weeks, he found Billy working away as usual, charging not a cent for his labor, he came to the conclusion that he must have drawn a prize in the lottery, or stumbled upon a good mine, and was keeping a barber shop for fun, so he closed his shop in despair, and left the place.

Meantime Bill Harrington kept on busy as a bee, and one fine morning his employer stepped in without a word, sat down and was shaved. On rising from his chair he asked to see the score for the six months past. The barber exhibited it, and after a careful calculation, the the old man said:

"Plenty of customers, eh?"

"Lots of 'em," said the barber; "never did such a business in my life."

"Well," replied Money Bags, "you have kept the account well. I see I've paid you one hundred and twenty dollars for services—all right, and there are three hundred and thirty charged for shaving, all that applied. Now, this furniture cost one hundred and eight dollars. Here it is. Now you own this furniture, and are to have this shop, rent free, six months longer, and after to-day you are to charge the regular price for work, for your pay from me stops to day."

This of course the barber gladly assented to.

"But," said the old man, on leaving, "take care you never cheat a man by charging ten times the usual price for a shave, for it may be another 'old Billy Gibbons.'"

"Consider Me Smith."

A good story is told of Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina.

The doctor was a small man, and lean, but hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked as though he might be tought, but did not seem strong. Nevertheless, he was among the knowing ones, as agile as a cat, and in addition, was by no means deficient in a knowledge of the "manly art."

Well, in the Freshmen Class of a certain year was a burly breef mountaineer of eighteen or nineteen. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus's physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his rule.

Poor Jones, that is what we call him, had no idea of moral force. At any rate, he was not inclined to knock under "and be controlled despotically by a man he imagined he could tie and whip. At length he determined to give the old gentleman a genteel private thrashing, some night, in the College Campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the doctor crossing the Campus. Walking up to him, abruptly:

"Hello, Smith! you rascal!"

And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that nearly felled him.

Old bolus said nothing, but squarred himself, and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight and muscle made him an ugly customer, but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his antagonist down, and was astraddle of his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of the head.

"Ah! stop! I beg pardon. Doctor, Doctor Caldwell—a mistake—for Heaven's sake, doctor!" he groaned. "I really thought it was Smith!"

The doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately.

"It makes no difference; for all present purposes consider me Smith."

And it is said that old Bolus gave Jones such a pounding that he never made another mistake as to personal identity.

A PHYSICIAN in Western Massachusetts recently had a lady patient who for several weeks had been suffering from nausea, general prostration and other symptoms of slow poisoning. Failing to discover the cause of the symptoms, as a last resort the doctor requests her to move from her chamber, the walls of which were covered with paper of a very light shade of green; so light, indeed, that in the evening it could scarcely be distinguished from white. After leaving the room the symptoms immediately disappeared, and the patient rapidly recovered. A sample of the paper was analyzed and found to contain a large quantity of arsenic. It was estimated that every square foot of this innocent looking paper contained an amount of the poison equivalent to five grains of arsenious acid, or double the fatal does for an adult person. This, in the moist warm weather of last July and August, was amply sufficient to keep the air of a room constantly impregnated with the poison and any person occupying such a room would be as certainly poisoned as though the arsenic had been taken into the stomach.

For the REPUBLICAN.

INTEMPERANCE.

What a sad thing is intemperance. It has brought many living souls to the grave; and many more are still following in the same path.

Although intemperance does not reign in our land, as much as it did in years gone by; still their are vast numbers of people leaving us day after day, from the cause of it.

What a terrible thing it is to see men taking those bitter and intoxicating drinks, which make them act like men without sense. If they begin this, the appetite becomes so strong that they cannot leave off drinking; and then death, like a victim, snatches them away unprepared; for God has said, the way we live through life so we must die, prepared or unprepared.

What a sad thing it is to see men, women and even children, reeling about the streets from the effect of these deadly drinks.

Oh! how many young men there are who now sleep the sleep of the drunkard, for even last evening there was a man killed on account of liquor. What striking news that would be to carry home to his poor wife and children.

Little did they think that such would be their terrible end when they raised the first glass of sparkling wine to their lips.

How pleasant it would be to us, and even to God, who is ruler over all things if people would leave off drinking, and try to serve Him, who died a shameful and cruel death on the cross to save us.

Many homes have been made desolate—many hearts broken—by the use of that deadly drink; and oh, brothers, never touch nor taste the poisonous wine, for it kills both soul and body, and not only that, but it destroys the enjoyment and happiness of wives and children.

For who does not look on a drunkards child with scorn, who will associate with them, and who will try to cheer them on there lonely path?

See that poor wife sinking with sorrow, her beggared children present the most loathing sight to the human eye, simply because the father who ought to love and provide for them, is spending all he earns for poisonous drinks.

See that kind and affectionate mother who watched over her child in infancy, who guided his feeble footsteps, and gave him all the necessaries of life, who loved him as no other earthly being could have done, she shared his little troubles, and rejoiced when he was happy, and even now, since he has grown up, does she rejoice. And to think that he could be so cruel, and so wicked as to destroy the peace and happiness of his mother, by drinking those horrid drinks, which perhaps, in a few years will lead him to a drunkard's grave.

Intemperance has swept across vast portions of this wide world, and many to-day feel the effect of it; for many are now lying mouldering in drunkard's graves, and many widows and orphans are weeping and sorrowing to-day on account of it.

It is a sad thing to think of, and to see so many passing there time away in drinking, and bringing there souls to everlasting punishment.

I hope, however, that in a few years that wherever liquor is sold, it will be banished entirely, and not only in Millesburg and Bellefonte, but all over this wide world, and by the help of God it can be done and by watching and praying and not until then.

We are loosing thousands from churches, and Sabbath schools, and all other places of religious devotions, and thousands upon thousands are not there that would be if it were not for intemperance.

"As Prof. Babcock stated during his stay with us, that it is a crime against the soul, and that a man is valued in the Bible, according to the priceless possibilities of his soul, and that the crime of our drinking, drowns the voice of reason, retards and destroys the spiritual development, and shuts out the light of truth it corrupts the heart, deadens the spiritual sensibilities, paralyzes her heavenly aspirations, and debases the feelings. Should we not then, think it a sin to engage in doing so, when God, has warned us what would be our end.

If people would only take the pledge and keep it, many more souls would be saved—peace and happiness would reign instead of intemperance.

ALICE.

MILLESBURG, October 24th, 1872.

A LAME girl, who had not for fourteen years, once left the third story back room in which she lived, was among those who participated in the late children's excursion in Phila.—When carried to the park she asked what the grass and trees were, and had to be told the names of the most common objects. She lay on the grass all day, drinking in the air and sunshine, and was seen to weep softly every little while from pure joy.

"What's that?" said a teacher pointing to the letter X, to a little ragged urchin. "Daddy's name." "No sir, boy." "Yes, it is; I've seen him write it a good many times."

Merchant Tailoring.

WM. S. TRIPPLE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Felty's new building opposite Bush's Arcade.

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Having just eceived from Philadelphia, a large stock of Broad Cloth, Cassimers, and an extensive variety of Spring and Summer Goods, I am prepaed to furnish my friends and customers the very best at the most reasonable prices.

My thanks are due those who have patronized me for many years, and a cordial invitation is hereby extended the public generally, to call and examine my Goods and Prices before purchasing elsewhere. I am also prepared, at all times, to make up Goods furnished by customers. All suits warranted to fit.

v2n19-1y. W. S. TRIPPLE.

Merchant Tailoring Establishment

NO. 7, BROCKERHOFF'S ROW,

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THE undersgned takes pleasure in informing the citizens of Centrecounty and the public generally, that he is just opening a

Splendid and Rich Assortment of Foreign and Domestic

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

AND

VESTINGS,

Which he is prepared to make to order in the latest and most fashionable styles, for men or boys. Goods sold by tne piece or by the yard. He also keeps on hand a full line of

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of every style and variety, consisting of

HATS AND CAPS,

STRAW GOODS,

MUSLIN OR LINEN SHIRTS,

Underclothes for Summer or Winter Wear, Suspenders, Hose, Neck Ties, Collars, both Paper and Linen, Handkerchiefs.

The best manufacture of KID GLOVES—"The Jouvin"—a full assortment of sizes, colors, &c., on hand. This establishmet is also the beadquarters of the

Singer Sewing Machine Agency.

JOHN MONTGOMERY,
No. 7, Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa.
v2n34-1y

Furniture.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

JOHN BRECHBILL,

Manufacturer and dealer in

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SPRING ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.,

Keeps constantly on hand a choice assortment ot Mattrasses, Sofas, Chairs, Lounges, Bedsteads &c. A very fine selection of

WALL PAPER,

will always be found at low prices.

v2n22-1y.

FURNITURE WARE ROOM.

Howard Street, Bellefonte, Pa.,

WHERE BUREAUS,
SOFAS,
LOUNGES,
HAT RACKS,
WHAT-NOTS,
EXTENSION TABLES,
STANDS,
CHAIRS,
STOOLS, &c.,

of every description, quality and price, for sale cheaper than at any other establishment of the kind in Central Penn's.

UNDERTAKER

Ready-made Coffins, of all sizes and prices kept constantly on hand. Also Coffins manufactured to order.

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NEW FURNITURE STORE.

BUSH HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA.

A. SCHROYER & SON,

formerly of Lock Haven, would inform the citizens of Bellefonte and Centre county, that they have opened,

FURNITURE WARE ROOMS

in that part of the Bush House, formerly occupied by O'Bryan & Williams, where they manufacture and keep for sale all kinds of

BUREAUS, SOFAS, LOUNGES, HAT RACKS,

WHAT NOTS. EXTENSION TABLES,

STANDS, CHAIRS, STOOLS, BED STEADS &c.,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, QUALITY AND PRICE,

which they will sell cheaper than any other establishment in this part of the State.

FROM A LONG EXPERIENCE IN THE BUSINESS, AND STRICT ATTENTION

to the wants of the public, they flatter themselves that they can give entire satisfaction to all who favor them with a call.

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DRY GOODS.

Consisting of the latest styles of figured and plain Alpacas, figured and plain all-wool Delaines, Shepherd Plaids, Black Silks, Summer Silks, Irish Poplins, White Goods, White Counterpanes, Linen and Cotton Sheetings, Checks, Ginghams, Bed ticks, Flannels, etc., Shepherd Plaid Balmorals, black Cloth Cassimeres, Velvetine, Corduroy, Kentucky Jeans, Drills, Ladies Cloaking, Plain Colors, Middlesex Cloths, a full line of Cloths, Sattinetles, and Vestings, all kinds and all prices which will be sold extremely cheap, Also,

PLAIDS OF VARIOUS COLORS.

We have constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of all kinds of

CROCKERY, GROCERIES, MACKERAL, SALT, &c.,

which we will disposeof at the lowest cash prices.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in Exchange for Goods, and the highest market price allowed.

FRIENDS AWAKE TO YOUR INTERESTS,

For we feel satisfied that we can suit your tastes, as well as your purses. ja4'71-1

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of

SPLENDID NEW GOODS,

embracing

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

DRESS GOODS.

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

AND FANCY ARTICLES,

and is now perpared to accommodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious. Call and see,

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.

P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in

LEATHER AND SHOE-FINDINGS,

CLOVER & TIMOTHY SEEDS.

in the old room, where he may always be found
v4n12 1y.

HARPER BRO'S

A LARGE STOCK NEW GOODS

AT

HARPER BROTHERS

Just received, a fresh and varied assortment of

LADIES DRESS GOODS

All of thelatest patterns.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings; also a large stock

OF LADIES AND CHILDRENS SHOES,

MEN'S & BOYS

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We have also some fine Carpets and Matting

and as good a stock of

STAPLE GROCERIES

As can be found in Bellefonte. We have a goo stock of

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Call and examine our Goods and Prices.

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H. D. YERGER'S

BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY STORE.

In the marble front of T. R. Reynolds, is really and truly the place to buy

BREAD, CONFECTIONERIES, RAISONS, NUTS AND CANDIES OF ALL KINDS.

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is a specialty and will be kept at al times an at all hours by him.

BREAD, CONFECTIONERIES, NUTS, RAISENS, ORANGES, LEMONS, ICE CREAM, &c., &c., all sold by him at the most reasonable rates. Call and see him and rest assured that you will not be disappointed.

H. D. YERGER,
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will be opened for the accommodation of Ladies and gentlemen. Having had years of experience in the business, he is confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

aug4'70-1y J. H. SANDS.

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NEW STYLES OF

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TO WHICH THEY INVITE THE ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS.

Their new styles, color & finish are unsurpassed.

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They also invite the attention of the public to their fine assortment of

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

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BE DECEIVED, but for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness and bronchial difficulties, use only

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IN ALL CASES irritation of the mucous membrane these Tablets should be freely used. their cleansing and healing properties are astonishing.

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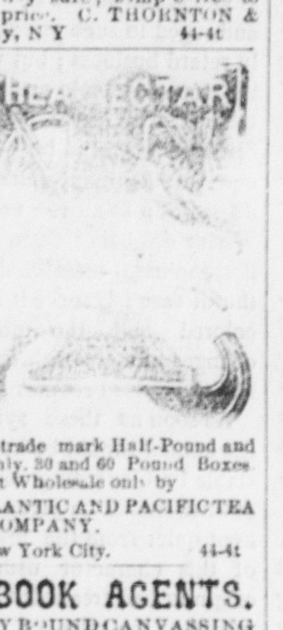
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A PROCLAMATION.

Be it known that Phillip Emil of Bellefonte is my authorized Agent for the sale of Wolcott's Pain Paint, the only instant relief and permanent cure of all kinds of Pain. Also Wolcott's Annihilator for the radical cure of Catarrh and colds in the head. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y. 44-6t

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It is not a physic which may give temporary relief to the sufferer for the first few doses, but which, from continued use brings Piles and kindred diseases to aid in weakening the invalid nor is it a doctored liquor, which, under the popular name of "Bitters" is so extensively palmed off on the public as sovereign remedies, but it is a MOST POWERFUL TONIC AND ALTERATIVE, pronounced so by the leading medical authorities of London and Paris, and has been long used by the regular physicians of other countries with wonderful remedial results.

DR. WELL'S EXTRACT OF JURUBEBA,

retains all the medical virtues peculiar to the plant and must be taken as a permanent curative agent.

IS THERE WANT OF ACTION IN YOUR LIVER & SPLEEN? Unless relieved at once, the blood becomes impure by deleterious secretions, producing scrofulous or skin diseases, Blotche, Felons, Pustules, Canker, Pimples, &c., &c.

Take JURUBEBA to cleanse, purify and restore the vitiated blood to healthy action.

HAVE YOU A DYSPEPTIC STOMACH? Unless digestion is promptly aided the system is debilitated with loss of vital force, poverty of the Blood, Dropsical Tendency, General Weakness or Lassitude.

Take it to assist Digestion without reaction, it will impart youthful vigor to the weary sufferer.

HAVE YOU WEAKNESS OF THE INTESTINES? You are in danger of Chronic Diarrhoea or the dreadful Inflammation of the Bowels.

Take it to allay irritation and ward off tendency to inflammations.

HAVE YOU WEAKNESS OF THE UTERINE OR URINARY ORGANS? You must procure instant relief or you are liable to suffering worse than death.

Take it to strengthen organic weakness or life becomes a burden.

Finally it should be frequently taken to keep the system in perfect health or you are otherwise in great danger of malarial, miasmatic or contagious diseases. JOHN Q. KELLOGG, 18 Platt St., New York, Sole Agent for United States. Price One Dollar per Bottle. Send for Circular. 44-4t

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Three Years in a Man-Trap

Notwithstanding its immense sale, we desire to extend its influence still further, and call for more aid to introduce it to every corner of our land. It is highly endorsed by Judge Black, F. H. Orne, Neal Dow and others. Will do more good than any prohibition law ever framed. It sells beyond parallel. Agents have done and are doing splendidly with it. One has sold over 500 copies. Owing to its great success we are enabled to offer especially large discounts. Send for illustrated circulars and terms, and enter into this great work at once. S. M. STODDARD & CO., Phila. Pa. 40-4t

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To have more merit ... similar ... tion ev... the public.

It is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, ... diseases of the Throat and Lungs, performing the most ... able cures.

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It effectually cures them ...

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For Scrofula, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form.

Any disease or eruption of the Skin, disease of the Liver, Rheumatism, Pimples, Old Sores, Ulcers, Broken-down Constitutions, Syphilis, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, try

DR. CROOK'S SYRUP OF POKE ROOT.

It has the medicinal property of Poke combined with a preparation of Iron which goes at once into the blood, performing the most rapid and wonderful cures.

Ask your Druggist for Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root—take it and be healed.

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NO CURE NO CHARGE

RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA

$5000 WILL BE PAID

5000 Reward offered to the Proprietors any, Medicin for Rheumatism and Neuralgia able to produce one-fourth as many genuine living cures made within the same period of time as Dr. Fitler's Vegetable Rheumatic Remedy—the scientific prescription of an eminent educated physician, and the only reliable specific ever discovered.

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$250 Reward for the name of any preparation for, Rheumatism and Neuralgia warranted and sold under a similar legal guarantee, setting forth the exact number of bottles to cure or return the amount paid for same to the patient in case of failure to cure. Full description of cases requiring guarantees must be forwarded by letter to Philadelphia. The guarantee, signed and stating quantity to cure, will be returned by mail with advice and instructions without any charge. Address letters, Dr. J, P. Fitler, 45 South Fourth Street. No other remedy is offered on such honorable terms.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

R. B. BARGER,.....Proprietor

W. W. BROWN,.....Editor

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance.

THE MODERN WOMEN.

A few days since, the womans suffrage Association met in No. 333, Walnut street, Phila. The most prominent feature of their deliberations was the issuance of the following address and resolution:

THE ADDRESS.

National government is a necessity. It is rendered necessary because individual self-government is inadequate to secure wnat of right belongs to every human being. It is the mode of exercising sovereignty. Its highest function is to put in action the law regulating the division of sovereign powers so as to secure the greatest good to every individual. This law is called a constitution.

The constitution of a State is the lawful expression of the sovereign will of all the citizens residing therein.

A Commonwealth is that form of government in which the administration of affairs is open to all the citizens. Municipal or civil law has been defined to be a "rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in the State commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong." The law is a precept which all persons are bound to obey. But law, to be of binding force, must be made in conformity to the constitution, which is the fundamental law of the State.

In our government sovereignty resides in the great body of the nation and belongs to all citizens; hence they have the right to say what form of government they will have and to whom they will delegate this sovereignty, which includes legislative, judicial, and executive powers.

In this State a convention of delegates, elected by a minority of its citizens, will soon be held for the purpose of framing a new constitution—such an one, it is hoped, as will truly express the sovereign will of all the people of the State, without regard to race, sex, birthplace, or antecedents. Our present constitution, as judicially interpreted, is unjust and tyrannical. It authorizes one class of citizens to usurp rights and enjoy prerogatives which belong to all. It deprives half of its adult citizens of all right to participate in the government under which they live, and to sustain which they are taxed. It compels them to obey laws in the making of which they had no voice. Thus, in a Republic, where equality of rights should be the crown and glory of citizenship, where the humblest should be the peer of the proud, do we see two distinct classes of citizens—the one equal in numbers, intelligence, and morality, with as great interest in all the institutions and laws as the other, but deprived of all power to decide upon those measures by which their rights and interests must be preserved and protected.

This disfranchised class includes all the women citizens of the State, who being deprived of the ballot—which is "the fundamental right of the citizen in all free governments"—are partially enslaved, and inconsequence of which they are governed as inferiors.

Those citizens who wield the power of the ballot constitute the governing or superior class, thus practically making Pennsylvania an aristocracy rather than a Commonwealth. The ballot is the birthright of citizenship. It is the mode of expressing choice, and the power to choose is the natural attribute of the citizen in all free governments—the only one which distinguishes the sovereign from the subjects. As women are citizens entitled to "enjoy all the privileges which properly belong to citizens," this association demands their enfranchisement. If a moiety of citizens have the right to disfranchise the rest for any cause, except crime, then the rights of citizens are not equal and the government is not free.

Equality of citizenship is the only safe-guard of liberty. Deny suffrage to women citizens and you may deny it to any other citizens, white or black, Protestant or Catholic, poor or rich. Indeed it has already been proposed to govern our large municipalities on the same plan as corporations, allowing citizens to vote according to their wealth. If this proposition should prevail in the cities, what would prevent its extension throughout the land. Thus government would become a huge corporation for the security and protection of property, instead of the representation of the sovereign will of its citizens, protecting each and all in their natural, equal, and inalienable rights.

These rights the new constitution should secure. But the convention to make it consists only of men citizens, many of whom may require arguments to convince them of the injustice and danger of denying to any class of our citizens the highest privilege of citizenship.

Now is the time for action. Let all who believe, with Chief Justice John Jay, that "The citizens of America are equal as fellow-citizens and joint tenants of the sovereignty," do their duty in this crisis, and the arguments will be forthcoming. The Citizens' Suffrage Association demands of the convention a constitution which shall recognize this equality, and for this end urges the immediate co-operation of the people of Pennsylvania.

THE RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That we claim suffrage for women on the ground that the right of self-government is a natural right, and that, as our laws have decided, this right can only be practically exercised by the ballot, to prevent any class of citizens of mature age from using the ballot is a violation of a fundamental right.

THE HORSE DISTEMPER.

A Buffalo paper says: Some days ago an article appeared in these columns announcing that the horse epidemic which has prevailed so generally among the horses in Toronto and other Canadian cities, had made its appearance in Buffalo. The disease, which at first was confined to a few animals, is spreading throughout the city. It is also reported that nearly all the horses at Niagara Falls are affected with the disease, and that it has extended into the country around that village. It will be remembered that not many months ago a contagious disease broke out amongst the horses of the metropolis, and raged to such an extent as to seriously retard business; but whether this is the same epidemic or not we are unable to say. The early symptoms of this disease are said to be a light hacking cough and general dulness, with an indisposition to move; cold ears and legs, watery discharge from the nostrils. At first the nasal membrane is pale, but as the disease advances it becomes highly colored and the mucous discharge changes to a greenish or yellowish color and the pulse becomes more rapid.

As soon as these symptoms appear the animal should be kept warm in the stable by blanketing, and warm bran mashes should be given. It should be kept quiet from the first. As diseases of this charactor usually have their origin in bad treatment and a total disregard of the rules of cleanliness and ventilation, now that it is in the air additional care should be taken to keep the atmosphere in the stables pure and fresh. For this disease to become general among our horses would be a serious calamity, and every means possible should be used to check its spread. If the ravages of the epidemic are as great as they are said to be, it would not be out of place for the city officials to give the matter their attention.

Messrs. Level & Fralick, livery-stable keepers on Ellicot street, between Swan and Seneca streets, have recently received a letter from Dr. C. Elliott, veterinary surgeon of St Catharines, containing what have proved valuable suggestions for the treatment of horses suffering from the epidemic now so prevalent among these animals. Dr. E. advises that the stable be well ventilated, the horses blanketed, and chloride of lime sprinkled through the stable every morning. The nostrils should be sponged out two or three times a day, if the mucous adheres thereto. The food should consist of bran with a little oats, and a moderate quantity of hay. If the bowels are costive, a half-pint of raw linseed oil may be given; but it is probable that the mash will cause sufficient relaxation.

Prescription No. 2 (given below) should be administered every morning and evening. If the throat should be sore—which can be ascertained by pressure of the hand upon the larynx—about two table-spoonfuls or Prescription No. 1 (also given below) should be rubbed in. So long as the disease is confined to the larynx there is very little danger, but should it descend to the lungs—which will be indicated by the continued standing up of the animal, cold extremities, and labored breathing—a half pound of mustard should be mixed with two ounces of turpentine and water to the consistency of thick cream, and the mixture rubbed well in behind the forelegs or over the region of the lungs The legs should be bandaged if cold. If the pulse should be over fifty-five per minute, fifteen drops of Flemming's tincture of aconite should be given every two hours, and if the breathing still continues labored and the pulse grow more rapid, apply the mustard again, and give one and a half drachms of calomel for two mornings. The following are the prescriptions referred to:

PRESCRIPTION NO. 1.

Linseed oil, 1½ oz.; turpentine, 1½ oz.; liquor ammonia fort, 1 oz Mix all together in a four-ounce bottle and apply to the throat, if you think it necessary to do so.

PRESCRIPTION NO. 2

Nitrate potash, 1½ oz.; tartarized antimony, 1½.; digitalis, ½oz. Pulverize all together and make twelve powders; give one morning and night. P. S.—If they are not very bad you might omit the last ingredient, namely, digitalis.

OUR VICTORY.—Everything indicates that the Republican triumph of the 5th inst., is as overwhelming as an Alpine Avalanch. From all quarters the same report comes, VICTORY, VICTORY.

THE election in the Borough yesterday was quiet. No noise.

THE LOST MISSOURI!

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS

THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.

A HASTY BREAKFAST.

ATTEMPTS TO SUBDUE THE FLAMES.

THE PUMPS OUT OF ORDER.

BOATS LAUNCHED & SWAMPED.

Heroism of the Captain.

Adventures & Rescue of the Survivors.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—The following particulars of the burning of the steamship Missouri have been obtained from survivors who have arrived here. When the boat which was saved left the burning ship one boat was seen with its keel upward, which had two men on it. The rescued boat lay for two hours by a swamped boat containing nine men, including engineers, fireman and ship's barber. A bucket was given to the inmates of a swamped boat to bail with, there being two in the rescued boat. As there were no seamen in the swamped boat they were unable to properly manage it, and in this condition they were left. It is not likely that any of them were saved. No sail had been seen for two days previous to the fire. On that day the Missouri was in company with a ship from 9:15 A. M. until 3 P. M., when she was lost sight of for forty minutes. After the rescued left the Missouri they saw the passengers and crew who remained on board crowded on the after part of the vessel.

ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.

It is said the fire was first discovered on the floor of the locker in the pantry, and the cry of fire was immediately given. Wet carpets were at once put on the fire by pantrymen and others, and the steward reported to the passengers that the fire was out. The alarm was given while the passengers were at breakfast, but on receiving the steward's report that the fire had been extinguished breakfast was resumed and fears of the passengers quieted. Within two minutes, however, several voices screamed "fire!" from the stoke-hole. All was then confusion. Whithin twenty minutes three boats were launched. In the rescued boats, with the exception of a few pieces of sugar-cane, there was neither food nor water, and only two small oars and a large one. Neither were there any sails or anything to make them of. It was from 9 o'clock in the morning of the 22d until 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d before assistance was obtained. At that time the schooner Spy was sighted, and the rescued party pulled vigorously to her. The Spy took the survivors to Hopetown on Elbow Key, where they arrived about 7 P. M. on the 23d. On the 24th a schooner was sent toward the burning ship with charts and full directions where to find her, and with instructions to look for the ship's boats and skirt the coast. The schooner returned about midnight on the 24th and reported having seen nothing of the boats or passengers. The sea was then breaking heavily on the reefs. The party left Hopetown on the 25th and arrived at Nassau on the 28th.

PUMPS OUT OF ORDER.

It is said that the donkey pumps of the steamer were never started, one of the passengers asserting that he had hold of the hose some time and that no water was forced through it on the flames from the donkey. Two dock pumps were worked a few minutes only. Within fifteen minutes after the alarm was given the twelve survivors were in the boat and the flames were coming from the stoke-hole in a volume. The ship's course was never altered, and consequently the flames were carried athwart ships, burning up one life-boat on the lee side and making it too hot to get others off. Only three boats were launched, two of which were swamped. It is said that seven females and seven children were aboard the Missouri, none of whom got into the boats. The scene presented was heart-rending. The Missouri's engines were stopped, but her sails were left spread, and a speed of four knots was maintained. When last seen Captain Green was working with Purser Hempstead and some of the crew trying to get off the ice boat surrounded by smoke and flame. Eleven of the survivors say that the boat was never launched but the twelfth, Capt. Culmer, says it was launched full of people but was immediately swamped.

THE MEDICINES OF THE MILLIONS!—For thirty-five years *Hoofland's German Bitters* have held the position of a Standard Household Remedy for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and Nervous Debility. Every year has added to the celebrity of this admirable restorative, which has inspired a confidence in the public mind which nothing can shake, or impair. It is expressly adapted to the constitutions and systems of invalids who require no alcoholic stimulant while for those who do. *Hoofland's German Tonic*, or which pure Santa Cruz Rum forms the diffusive principle, is incomparable the finest invigorant at present known. Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

CAUTION.—Notice is hereby given to all persons not to harbor Sarah Grassmyer, as I have taken her to keep, and in part payment therefore I am to receive all property now belonging to her, viz: 1 Cow, 2 Heifers and 1 Hog. All persons are also cautioned against purchasing or in any way meddling with any of the abov named property.

44-3t* JESSE FRY.

Duff's College.

THE oldest and most reliable institution for obtaining a Mercantile Education.

☞ Practical business men as instructors.

For information, write for a circular to P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburg, Pa. 44-3m-com.

MILLIN RY.

MILLINERY AND FANCY STORE.—MISS SALLIE E. HUEY has just received a Large and well selected Stock of MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS at her new store on Bishop St. She has everything usually kept in a FANCY STORE—a FINE VARIETY. MILLINERY WORK of all Kinds made to order. All kinds of COLORING done to order. She also does STAMPING for BRAIDING and EMBROIDERING. Her goods are the Cheapest as well as the Best in the market. She respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

44-3m S. E. HUEY.

FANCY GOODS. EMBROIDERING.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!

BY virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, there will be exposed to sale at public outcry, on the premises, in Milesburg, on Friday, the 22d day of November, A. D., 1872, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, the property of Samuel Lipton, late of the Borough of Milesburg, dec'd, to wit:

No. 1—A lot or tract of land in the Borough of Milesburg, fronting on Turnpike street, one hundred and sixty-six feet, bounded on the northwest by Market Street, on the South by lot No 20 in said Borough, it being lot No. 21 in the general plan of said Borough, and having a large brick dwelling house, store house and other outbuildings thereon erected.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale one-third thereof in one year thereafter and one third thereof at the death of the widow of the said deceased the latter two payments with interest payable annually, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

DANIEL Z. KLINE,
44-3t Trustee to sell, &c.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Honorable W W Love and the Honorable Henry Dopp, Associate Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 30th day of Oct., A. D., 1872, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of Nov. next being the 25th day of Nov'br 1872, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner Justice of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 30th day of Oct. in the year of our Lord, 1872, and in the ninety-fourth year of the Independence of the United States.

D. W. WOODRING, Sheriff.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre County, the subscribers, Guardians of the minor children of David Carskaddee, late of Clinton County, dec'd., will offer at Public Sale, at the Court House, in Bellefonte, on

MONDAY, DEC'BR 2nd, 1872,

at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following Real Estate, late the property of said decedent, viz:

1. A tract of unseated land in Boggs township, in the warrantee name of John Cochran, containing 505 acres, 112 perches and allowance.

2. A tract of unseated land in Boggs township, in the warrantee name of William Russel, containing 458¾ acres and allowance.

3. A tract of unseated land in Boggs township, in the warrantee name of Thomas Russel, containing 433¾ acres and allowance.

4. A tract of unseated land in Boggs township, in the warrantee name of D. Carskadden, containing 400 acres and allowance.

5. A tract of unseated land in Snowshoe township, in the warrantee name of Luke Mosener, containing 433¾ acres and allowance.

6. A tract of unseated land in Snowshoe township, in the warrantee name of D. Carskadden, containing 412¾ acres and allowance.

7. A tract described in the same manner as the preceeding, and adjoining it on the South.

8. A tract of unseated land in Snowshoe township, in the warrantee name of D. Carskadden, containing 287¾ acres and allowance.

9. A tract of unseated land in Snowshoe township, in the warrantee name of D. Carskadden, containing 430 acres, 32 perches and allowance.

TERMS—One-third on confirmation of sale, and the balance to be secured with interest at one and two years.

C. A. MAYER,
CHARLES CORSS,
44-3t Guardians.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY!



Net Cash Assets,	$18,000,000
Annual Cash Income,	8,000,000
Surplus,	1,700,000
New Business, 1871	41,000,000

LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

JOHN I. RANKIN,
AGENT,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

v4n44-

Emil Joseph and Bro. | *DRY GOODS.*

HURRAH!

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

The undersigned desiring to dispose of their entire stock of Clothing, in order to make room for a large envoice of FANCY GOODS, are offering it

AT COST PRICES!

Their determination is to quit the CLOTHING BUSINESS, and keep a first class

FANCY, DRY GOOD AND JEWELRY STORE!

They have just received the largest and best

STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS

ever brought to this town, and are, therefore, prepared to hold out

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

to their old customers and to the public generally. We will

NOT BE UNDERSOLD NOR SURPASSED

IN THE

QUALITY OF OUR GOODS

or in our accommodations to those who favor us with a call. Come in, whether you purchase or not. We sell

FOUR HANDKERCHIEFS FOR ONLY 25 CTS. GOOD SPOOL COTTON, 200 YARDS 50 CENTS PER DOZEN. CALICOES FROM TEN TO TWELVE CENTS. A FULL SUIT OF GOOD CLOTHES FOR $8.50. A BEAUTIFUL LINE OF DRESS GOODS SUCH AS

MERINOS, POPLINS AND SILKS

of the best quality, and very low. An endless variety of LADIES' RIBBONS.

Also, WATCHES and JEWELRY.

The largest assortment in town. Particular attention will be paid to

REPAIRING WATCHES,

and all work warranted. They also deal extensively in the

PEBBLE GLASS SPECTACLE

This glass is cut out of stone, is clear as crystal, and always cool and soothing to the eyes. These GLASSES can be purchased at no other establishment in this county.

We have the Agency for the celebrated and world-wide known,

MASON & HAMLIN Parlor ORGANS.

A large number kept constantly on hand, and sold at Manufactures prices.

For bargains and the value of your money, call on us before purchasing elsewhere. Don't forget the place, nearly opposite Wilson & Hicks' Hardware Store.

39-6m. E. JOSEPH & BRO.

44-2m

PHILADELPHIA.

No. 1124 CHESTNUT ST.

ROBBINS, CLARK & BIDDLE

PHILADELPHIA,

Invite attention to their large and well selected stock of

Watches, Clocks, Bronzes, Diamonds

SILVER WARE,

PLATED WARE,

FANCY GOODS IN GILT & LEATHER,

Ornaments from Paris, Vienna & Berlin,

French Flowers, Table Cutlery, English Embrellas,

Orders by Mail will receive prompt attention.

1224, CHEST UT ST.,

PHILADELPHIA.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents Wanted! All classes of Working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 44-4t.

BOOKKEEPING Made Easy. Every clerk and Merchant can learn at once. Book mailed, 50c. H. GOULDING BRYANT, Buffalo, N. Y. 44-4t

GLITSCH'S IMPERIAL RUSSIAN **Mustard**.—Wholesale to the trade. Single cans sent, postpaid, on receipt of $1. W. HERMAN T. FRUEAUFF, Reading, Pa. 44-4t

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell to sell the best low priced Corn-Sheller ever patented. Let farmers and everybody who has corn to shell send for circular to "FAMILY CORN-SHELLER CO." Harrisburg, Pa 44-4t

GREAT CURIOSITY.—A $1 Magazine of the highest order for $1. Agents wanted in every town, on a perpetual income. Send 10c. for Specimen to "*Smith's Dollar Magazine*," 51 Liberty St., N. Y. 44-4t

1872 **JUBILEE!** 1873

OF THE

NEW YORK OBSERVER.

The best Religious and Secular Family newspaper. $3 a Year with the JUBILEE YEAR BOOK.

SIDNEY E. MORSE & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York.

SEND FOR A SAMPLE COPY.

AGENTS WANTED.—For Harriet Beecher Stowe's campaign book, with lives of the candidates and leading men of all parties. 20 Steel Portraits. $5 to $20 a day rapidly and easily. Write and see. Particulars free. WORTHINGTON, DUSTIN & CO., Hartford, Ct.

AGENTS WANTED FOR COBBIN'S

Child's Commentator

ON THE BIBLE, for the HOME CIRCLE.—1,200 pages, 250 Engravings. The best enterprise of the year for agents. Every family will have it. Nothing like it now published. For Circulars address H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., 38 Park Row, New York. 44-4t

GOOD COUNTRY TALLOW WANTED

Highest price paid for prime quality by L. M. ELKINTON, Soap and Candle Manufacturer, 116 Margaretta St., Philadelphia.

A GREAT EVENT

We have decided to dispose of our immense stock of BILLIARD TABLES at prices a little above cost. First-class 5x10 New Tables, complete, $300. Second-hand Tables made over new, $200, $225, $250, &c. A great variety to suit all buyers. Send for Catalogue.

KAVANAGH & DECKER,
44-4t Cor. Canal & Centre Sts., N. Y.

HORRIBLE!

I suffered with CATARRH thirty years, and was cured by a simple remedy. Will send receipt, postage free, to all afflicted. Rev. T. J. MEAD, Drawer 176, Syracuse, N. Y. 44-4t

Rose of Cashmere Hair Tonic

Is unsurpassed as a Promoter of the Growth of the Hair and Whiskers. It is neither sticky nor greasy, yet it softens and smoothes the Hair far better and more permanently than any Oil or Pomade. Used as a Hair Dressing, it produces the most beautiful and lustrous gloss. Warranted perfectly harmless. Its exquisite perfume is quite unrivalled, being distilled from the world-renowned Roses of Cashmere. Large bottles, only 50 cts. Address ASCHENBACH & MILLER, 400 N. 3d St., Phila., Pa. 44-4t

ASTHMA! UPHAM'S Asthma Cure relieves the most violent paroxisms in five minutes, and effects a speedy cure. 75 cts. a box, by mail. Circulars free. Address S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth St., Phila. Pa. Sold by all Druggists.

$1.000 REWARD

For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that DR BING'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles, and nothing else. Sold by all Druggists. Price 1.00. 44-4t.

P. R. WILSON, THOMAS A. HICKS.

WILSON & HICK,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

SUCCESSORS TO IRWIN & WILSON,

RESPECTFULLY INFORM THE citizens of Centre and other counties, that they have one of the largest and best selected stocks of

HARDWARE,

to be found, consisting of

IRON, STEEL, NAILS,

HORSE-SHOES,

AXELS, SPRINGS,

WAGON SKEINS & BOXES,

complete stock of

CARPENTER TOOLS,

BUILDER'S HARDWARE,

LOCKS, &C.

OILS, PAINTS, GLASS,

VARNISHES, BRUSHES,

Cucumber Pumps and Tubing.

LAMPS, OF ALL KINDS,

Scales, Cutlery, Wood & Willow-ware, full line of Saddlery and Coach Maker Goods, Wood Work for Buggies & Wagons

Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Grindstones, Looking Glasses and Mirror Plates, Picture Frames made to order. We also have the celebrated COOK STOVE SUSQUEHANNA, every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction, and all kinds of PARLOR STOVES. We are determined to sell at the lowest prices for cash, or on short credit not to exceed 3 months. Call and see us as we take pleasure in showing our goods.

v4n9-1y WILSON & HICKS.

THE PLACE TO BUY THE CHEAPEST HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, &C.

Medical.

Miscellaneous.

500! 500! 500! 500! 500!

Manufactured and Sold Daily, of the

NEW IMPROVED ELIAS HOWE SEWING MACHINE!

THE GREATEST PRODUCTION OF INVENTIVE GENIUS, POINTS OF SUPRIORITY, BEAUTY, CONVENIENCE & DURABILITY. IT WILL LAST A LIFE TIME.

ALL of its wearing parts are made of hardened steel, has no Cog Wheels to Break or Rattle; great adjustability, (self-adjusting take-up) adjustable needle-head, will sew light or heavy goods perfect; makes the nicest hem or fell; will gather and sew on, Cord, Tuck, Braid, Binde, Embroider, or will do any kind of work, even make Crotchet Work Perfect.

This Machine makes the celebrated Lock-stitch—the stitch invented by Mr. Howe—alike on both sides. The shuttle tension is upon the thread as it leaves the shuttle, and not upon the bobbin, as in most machines; and this tension is invariable whether the bobbin be full or nearly empty. It is obtained by turning a screw in the shuttle, and can be changed in a moment, without taking out the work, breaking the thread, or threading through holes.—This Machine is now hung on hinges, and the trouble of taking it from the table to clean and oil obviated.

What we claim, in substance, is, that this is an Honest Machine, and if put in your family, will *do* any and all of your work perfectly, will last a lifetime, is a willing and ready servant, and is not subject to FITS.

Persons who have tried all machines are unanimous in declaring this to be the easiest learned of any in the market. In the majority of cases customers learn from the instruction book without further aid.

This Machine is now for sale in your county by Traveling Agents. If you are not called on by them, and you want the Best Machine for the amount of money you pay out, please address I. F. PALMER & CO., Bellefonte, Pa., or, Philipsburg, Pa., either of which places you may live nearest to, and your order will receive prompt attention in person.—Our Machines are sold on easy terms—either by monthly installments, or by NOTE, CASH or PRODUCE at Market Prices. Needles, Oil, Thread and Extra Attachments constantly on hand at our offices. Office at Bellefonte, in Garman's Hotel Building. Call and see styles and sample work.



I. M'K. & CO., Agents.

v4n37-6m

A VALUABLE HOUSE AND LOT AT PRIVATE SALE!

THE undersigned offers, at Private Sale, a Valuable House and Lot situate on Lamb Street in the Borough of Bellefonte. The lot is conveniently situated a few doors above the late residence of Maj. W. F. Reynolds, has a front on Lamb st. of 45 feet and extending back about 200 feet to alley. The house is in nearly new, well painted, 2½ stories high, contains 4 rooms and hall down stairs, three rooms up stairs, and has all the necessary out-buildings. There is a large and

SUPERIOR VARIETY OF FRUIT TREES on the premises. For further particulars call on or address

THOMAS H. RHOADS,
4-37-3m Bellefonte, Pa.

EXECUTORS' SALE!

THE undersigned Executors of Wm. Clark, dec'd., will offer at Public Sale, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26,'72,

[Court Week] two Valuable Town Lots, situate in the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre Co, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Beginning at a post on the North side of Burrows Alley, East 160 feet to lot of Jas. Caldwell; thence North by lot of Jas. Caldwell 160 feet to Hale's Alley; thence West by Hale's Alley 160 feet to a post; thence South along the land of John Caldwell 160 feet to Burrows' Alley, the place of beginning.—The se lots are both under one fence, and no building erected upon either of them,

TERMS OF SALE:—One-half the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale, and the balance in six months, secured by bond and mortgage on said property.

HUGH GLENN,
JOHN MORGAN,
35-4t Ex'rs of Wm. Clark, dec'd.

New Clothing Store!

I. L. REIZENSTEIN,

in the corner building, opposite Hoffer's store, Bellefonte, has established a new Clothing store where the best bargains in the county are offered.

$7,50 to $15

FOR SUITS OF THE

FINEST CASSIMERE.

HATS, CAPS,

and a full and complete assortment of everything in the line of Clothing.

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

all directly from their own manufactory. Also,

Jewelry, Watches, Etc.

They have engaged their old clerk, Mr. A. Sternberg, so well known to the people, and who will be pleased to see his old friends. Repairing of Watches promptly attended to, by F. Galbraith. v4n1 3-y

---

THE ONLY PLACE

TO BUY GOOD

BOOTS and SHOES.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Have just received 50 cases of Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell the cheapest and best BOOTS & SHOES.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Are the only ones in Centre County, that have Lether Bro's. & Co., BOOTS & SHOES.

LESTER BRO'S & CO.,
Boots and Shoes are Warranted.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell them at CASH PRICES.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes never BREAK OR CRACK.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes always give SATISFACTION.
Thousand's in this Country, and out of it, have tried these BOOTS AND SHOES.
They have been tested and tried for 15 years and always have given entire Satisfaction.
If you want to save doctor bills, buy your Boots and Shoes from

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
You can buy the best article of Tobacco and Cigars at half price at

BURNSIDE & THOMAS'
The reason you can get such bargains at

BURNSIDE & THOMAS'
4-28-tf] THEY SELL FOR CASH.

SCHOOL IN THE MOUNTAINS!

BELLEFONTE, PA.

A Classical and Commercial School for young

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.

Next session opens on

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1872.

For Circulars, Address,

REV. J. P. HUGHES,
2-32-tf. *Principal.*

INVEST

YOUR

MONEY

EITHER IN

Indianapolis, Bloom'g't'n & Western

RAILWAY EXTENSION

FIRST MORTGAGE

7 Per Cent.

GOLD BONDS

OR IN

10 Per Cent.

MUNICIPAL BONDS.

Maps, Pamphlets and Circulars furnished upon application.

W. N. COLER & CO., BANKERS,
22 Nassau St., New York.
30-4t.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!!

No. 5 BROCKERHOFF ROW

J. & J. HARRIS—THE PLACE TO BUY.

The subscribers would respectfully inform the community that they have opened a complete

STOCK OF HARDWARE,

comprising all varieties of goods in that line which they will

SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICES

Their stock consists of all sorts of

Building Hardware,
Table and Pocket Cutlery,
Carpenters', Masons,
Plasterers and Blacksmiths Tools, and Materials, Nails, Iron, Horse-Shoes and Horse-shoe
Nails, Rope tackle,

FORKS, CHAINS, SHOVELS, AXES. GRIND-STONES, &c.

Housekeepers' Goods, Saddlery, Carriage Trimmings, &c., &c., together with all sorts and sizes of

COAL OIL LAMPS,

and the different parts thereof, together with a complete assortment of the best

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

They hope,

BY STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS,

and a constant care for the

ACCOMMODATION OF CUSTOMERS,

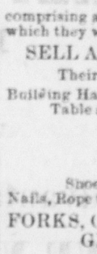
to merit and receive a

SHARE OF THE PUBLIC PATRONAGE.

BUILDERS and OTHERS

will find it to their advantage to call and examine their stock.

J. & J. HARRIS,
No. 5, Brockerhoff's Row.
jan5,'70-1y.



TRADE MARK B Patented.

BLATCHLEY'S IMPROVED CUCUMBER WOOD PUMP.

Tasteless, Durable, Efficient and Cheap The best Pump for the least money. Attention is especially invited to Blatchley's Patent Improved Bracket and New Drop Check Valve, which can be withdrawn without removing the Pump or disturbing the joints. Also, the Copper Chamber, which never cracks or scales, and will outlast any other. For sale by Dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue and Price-List.

CHAS. C. BLATCHLEY, M'f'r, 606 Commerce St., Philada., Pa. v4n26-1y

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NOTICE.—The undersigned having disposed of his entire stock of Store Goods, and retired from the business now, after thanking all for their patronage and kind treatment, calls upon those having accounts with him to call and settle without delay. It is not his desire to impose costs upon any one, but wishes a prompt and speedy settlement.

4-2-tf A. STERNBERG.

CARDS, Letter-Heads, Bill-Heads, Posters Envelopes, &c., neatly executed at the REPUBLICAN OFFICE.

C. D. Keller,

Dry Goods, etc.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

C. D. KELLER,

BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

is now prepared, at the old stand on Bishop Street, to sell

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES, CARPETS,

Cedar and Willow Ware, &c., &c.,

at greatly reduced prices. He is also prepared to purchase

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN!

FOR WHICH HE WILL PAY THE

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE!

CASH PURCHASERS WILL FIND SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS AT HIS STORE,

v4n15-y C. D. KELLER.

Graham & Son.

Boots and Shoes.

GRAHAM & SON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

BOOTS & SHOES,

BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

GRAHAM & SON, WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN BOOTS & SHOES, BISHOP ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.



GRAHAM & SON, WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN BOOTS & SHOES, BISHOP ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

GRAHAM & SON.

Manufacture to order. Their work is neat and durable. Their prices are very moderate. They warrant to give satisfaction. They have the LARGEST and BEST stock of Ladies' and Childrens' shoes in town. They are receiving goods every week. Call at their stand, next door to C. D. Keller's store, and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere. 3-43-1y

---

Zimmerman, Bro's and Co.,

Sewing Machine Agency.

THE "SINGER" AHEAD!!

ASTONISHING, BUT TRUE!

In 1871, THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO., Sold 181,260 MACHINES, being

ZIMMERMAN, BRO'S AND COMPANY, SINGER SEWING MACHINE AGENCY



Ahead of the Wheeler & Wilson,	52,734	machi's
Ahead of the Grover & Baker	130,422	"
Ahead of the Elias Howe	113,240	"
Ahead of the A. B. Howe	161,209	"
Ahead of the American	161,139	"
Ahead of the Domestic	170,863	"

The smaller "fry" we will not mention, suffice it to say that the

"SINGER!"

has gained this immense popularity because it is the simplest, most durable, and, therefore, the best.

ANY PERSON CAN LEARN TO USE IT,

and should not buy a Machine till they have tried a "SINGER."

FOR SALE BY

ZIMMERMAN, BRO'S & CO.,

BELLEFONTE, PA., who have also just received from Philadelphia and New York, a magnificent stock of

Domestic DRY GOODS, Ladies' Dress GOODS

of every description, embracing all the new styles in the market. Also,

NOTIONS, LACES, HOSIERY, GLOVES, CLOTHING, CASSIMERES, CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, BOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

of every description, all of which will be sold at very low rates

FOR CASH OR its EQUIVALENT.

Don't forget the place, come and see us anyhow, if you don't buy. No trouble to show goods.

v4n16-6m ZIMMERMAN, BRO'S & CO.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson's, & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

R. F. Rankin & Co.,

(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS

for medicinal purposes.

SHOULDER BRACES,

TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety.

Also, Choice

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

4-19-1y R. F. RANKIN & CO.

TOBACCO AND SEGARS.

NEW STORE IN AN OLD PLACE.

JNO. SWANEY

Has opened in the corner room in Ed. Brown's new building, on Allegheny and Bishop Streets, one of the largest and best stocks of

Tobacco, Snuff, Segars, Pipes, Paper Collars, &c.,

ever brought to this town.

THE CHOICEST BRANDS

of Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, &c., always on hand

COUNTRY MERCHANTS

supplied at Wholesale Prices. A cordial invitation is given the public to call and see me

---

J. TELLER,

MILESBURG, CENTRE COUNTY, PENN'A.,

Manufacturer of

PINE, POPLAR AND CUCUMBER

PUMPS,

Also all sizes of

WOODEN WATER PIPES.

Pumps and Piping kept constantly on hand, or made to order at the shortest notice.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

25-1y.

THE VERY BEST BUENOS AYRES

Sole Leather,

FRENCH, GERMAN AND COUNTRY

CALF SKINS,

SHOE FINDINGS, &c., &c.,

AT REASONABLE RATES, next door to C. D Keller's store, Bishop Street, BELLEFONTE PENN'A.

E. GRAHAM & SON.

v4n32-tf.

WASHINTGON UNIVERSITY

MEDICAL SCHOOL

BALTIMORE, MD.

NOW OPEN!

STUDENTS CAN ENTER AT ANY TIME. The Clinical advantages of the School are unsurpassed. Fees including Dissection & Hospital Tickets, $65.

For CATALOGUES containing full particulars apply to Prof. CHAS. W. CHANCELLOR, Dean,

41-4t Baltimore, Md.

PRIVATE SALE

THE Subscriber offers for sale twenty acres or more, of good land suitable for Building or out-lots in size to suit purchasers, from one quarter of an acre up to four or more, lying along the turnpike road between Oak Hall and Boalsburg.

JOHN S. FOSTER.

$5000 AGENTS WANTED.—Samples sent free by mail, with terms to clear from $5 to $10 per day. Two entirely new articles, salable as flour. Address N. H. WHITE, Newark, N. J. 40-1t

---

Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware.

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE.

THE OLDEST

TIN-WARE ESTABLISHMEET

IN BELLEFONTE, PA.

The undersigned desires to call the attention of their many patrons, and the entire people of Centre county, that they manufacture

TIN & SHEET IRON WARE

cheaper, and on a larger scale than ever. They keep constantly for sale,

Tin Buckets, Wash Boilers,
Coffee Boilers, Fruit Cans,
Dish Pans, Lard Cans,
Wash basins, Coal Oil Cans,

Stove Pipe from the best Russia, and other iron constantly on hand.

Proticular attention paid to

ROOFING AND SPOUTING

All work warranted. Give us a call.

WM. S. WOLF & SON,
v3n1-y. Allegheny Street.

TIN AND SHEET IRON EMPORIUM.

P. H. HAUPT,

MILESBURG, CENTRE CO., PA.

I HAVE now for sale at my Tin and Sheet Iron Store, in the above named place, the

EXCELSIOR COOK STOVE,

THE

IRONSIDES COOK STOVE,

Parlor Stoves

of all kinds,

JAPANNED AND PRESSED TINWARE,

and a general assortment of

TINWARE, FRUIT CANS, &c., &c.

Also, STOVE PIPE, STOVE TRIMMINGS,

such as GRATES, FIRE BRICK, &c.

SPOUTING PUT UP,

and Job Work done at short notice.

SAD IRONS and sizes for sale, The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

P. H. HAUPT,
4-28-1y Milesburg, Penna.

MESSRS WETSLER & TWITMIRE

would hereby inform their old friends and the public generally that they have leased the large and splendid room in Isaac Haupts, new building opposite the

BUSH HOUSE,

where they will keep at all times a large and well selected stock of

TIN WARE,

SHEET IRON WARE

COOK STOVES,

PARLOR STOVES

and stoves designed either for

WOOD OR COAL.

We manufacture all the tin-ware sold by us and therefore can safely recommend it to purchasers. It is our intention to keep constantly on hand every article usually kept in a full and well regulated

TIN-WARE AND STOVE STORE.

We respectfully solicit the patronage of the public.

v4n12-1y. WETSLER & TWITMIRE.

Books and Stationery.

HO! DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS!!

Old things have passed away, and all things have become new!

H. Y. STITZER,

has bought out Livingston's

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BOOK STORE,

AND

DEPOSITORY

of the American Sunday School Union and "American Tract Society" and will sell

EXACTLY AT THEIR

CATALOGUE PRICES!

he would say to all those who will favor him with their patronage, that he will sell at such prices and upon such terms as to make it an

OBJECT FOR ALL PERSONS, TEACHERS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

to purchase at his store.

ALL BOOKS, STATIONERY &c.,

not on hand when inquired for will be obtained on short notice, as an order for books, &c., is sent every Saturday.

H. Y. STITZER,

BROCKERHOFF ROW,

v3n15-3m BELLEFONE, PA.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE!

THE undersigned offers a farm for sale at a reasonable price. It is situated in Howard township, about one mile from Howard Borough and contains

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ACRES

more or less. One hundred acres of this land are cleared and in a good state of cultivation Erected on said farm are a two

STORY LOG DWELLING HOUSE,

good Barn and Stabling. It is now offered at private sale.

If not sold prior to first of January it will be for rent. There is a good orchard on the place, and a well of never failing water at the door.

For further particulars apply to, or address,

SAMUEL REBER,
-51-2m. Howard, Centre Co., Pa.

Druchey Co.

5000 AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE FOR OUR NEW BOOK, THE LIFE OF THE GREAT EXPLORER,

LIVINGSTONE,

and his RESURRECTION from a Living Death, by

STANLEY.

For full description and terms, address immediately HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, Phila. or Boston. 44-4t

---

AGENTS. It Sells Quick among all classes. Old people, the middle aged, those who are just entering life, and youth of both sexes buy and read with the greatest profit.

MY JOLLY FRIEND'S SECRET,

DIO LEWIS' last and best book.

It is meeting with the greatest success; and there's MONEY IN IT.

Send for our circulars, etc., which are sent free. GEO. MACLEAN, Phila. 44-4t

---

Agents wanted to canvass for the great combination

TO-DAY,

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED PEOPLE'S WEEKLY, the best and cheapest paper published. DIO LEWIS and a corps of MOST POPULAR AUTHORS write exclusively for it. We give a copy of the unparalleled chromo,

JUST SO HICH,

to every subscriber. Agents take from twenty-five to thirty names a day. No business pays like this. Send for terms, and secure territory for this great enterprise at once. MACLEAN, STODDART & CO. Publishers, 728 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. 44-4t

---

DUTY of TEAS.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY have business connections with all the principal ports of China and Japan, and Import their Teas direct from place of growth, thus saving the consumer from 5 to 8 profits. It is now about 12 years since the Company was organized—and it has been a splendid success from the very first. This was due to the fact that we imported and sold only

THE BEST AND PUREST GOODS,

and distributed them to our customers in all parts of the United States, for one small profit only, between the Tea-grower and the Tea-consumer. We originated the system of supplying consumers in distant parts of the country with Teas, at New York Cargo Prices, on the Club plan. And since we adopted this plan we have saved the people of this country Millions of Dollars annually, in the cost of this article of every day necessity. Send for Club Circular, which contains full directions, premiums, &c.

The Great American Tea Co.

31 & 33 VESEY STREET, 39-4t

P. O. Box 5643. New York City

EXQUISITE AIDS to render STILL MORE BEAUTIFUL LOVELY WOMEN

New and Important Inventions, Solely FOR LADIES' USE.



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BY sending 35 cts., with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage.—Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 2484 Fultonville, N. Y. v4-44-w

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On the line of the UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD. 12,000,000 acres of the best Farming and Mineral Lands in America,

2,000,000 Acres in Nebraska, in the Platte valley, now for sale.

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The best location for Colonies.—Soldiers entitled to a Homestead of 160 Acres.

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AUCTIONEER.—Samuel Parker offers his services to the people of Bellefonte and Centre county, as Auctioneer. He will cry all sales entrusted to him at reasonable prices. Address SAMUEL PARKER,
n5-42ly. Bellefonte, Pa.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

OUR TERMS

OR SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISING

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R. B. BARGER & CO.,

at the following rates:

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It is Republican in politics—devoted to the Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mining interests of Central Pennsylvania.

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Hasty Judgment.

At the office door of Judge Burnside stood two men and a boy. One of the men was the judge himself, the other was farmer Jones, who lived on a farm at the edge of the town. They were talking about a boy, a lad of thirteen, who stood near listening earnestly to what they said.

"Is he trustworthy?" asked the judge.

The farmer had no trouble to answer all the other questions, but now he hesitated "Well—yes—I, ah—no!"

The judge looked from the farmer to the boy, who, though his face grew red, looked the judge right in the eye, and answered, "No, sir, he does not think I am trustworthy; he believes I stole a gold chain, but I did not, sir, though I have only my word to prove it; but if you, sir, think me a thief don't hire me," and the brown eyes looked up clear and steadily in the judge's face.

"I do not believe you are a thief, my boy, and I am willing to give you a trial. You can step into my office until I come back."

The boy, conscious of his innocence, had nerved himself to bear every thing, but he melted at once at the kind words of the judge, the tears rushing to his eyes. With a grateful look he went into the office.

"I hope you won't be deceived in the lad," said the farmer. "No doubt he stole the chain, for we found it in his pocket, and I would have turned him off without trying to get him a place, but his mother was my cousin; she sent him to me on her death bed, with the request that I would look after him."

"I like his looks," said the judge, "and I think we can get along together. What is name?'

"Henry Maynard," answered the farmer,

"Now, Henry," said the judge as he entered the office, "draw up your chair to the grate. I want to have a talk with you: tell me what was the trouble you had with farmer Jones."

"The farmer has a son about my age, who attends school at Norwich. He had been home at vacation, and day before yesterday he was going back. I was going down stairs, when he called me into his mother's room to show me a puzzle he was putting in his trunk. Then he took from a bureau a gold chain of his mother's, and tried it on over his vest, and said he wished he had it, with a watch fast to it.

"His mother came in, and scolded him for touching it, and told me I had no business in that room. George put the chain away, as I thought, and I bade him good-bye, and went down stairs and out to my work. When I came in to dinner Mrs. Jones asked me what George had done with the chain. I told her he had put it back where he had found it; but she said it was not there, and she believed I knew more about it than I was willing to own. I told her I was no thief, and Mr. Jones, coming in, said there was no harm in searching me, and sure enough, they found the chain in one of my pockets. I told them I did not know how it came there, unless George put it there; but that made them angry, and Mrs. Jones said I should not stay another day in the house."

"Have you no parents, Henry?" asked the judge.

"They are both dead, sir. I have a little sister, who was adopted by a Mrs. Linden, a lady who lived in the same town with us."

"Is that so?" said the judge. "Mrs Linden is my sister."

Henry looked up brightly, for there was hope now that he might hear often from little Ella, to part from whom had given him much sorrow.

"Do you see all these books?" asked the judge, with a motion of his hand to the shelves. "Well, I began life very much as you have. I was just about your size when I became office boy for a lawyer. He was kind to me, gave me books to read, and directed my studies. When I grew older I read law with him, and after a while was able to buy this library, which from the time I first entered the office, it was my ambition to purchase. Now there is nothing to hinder you from following in my track. If you will do your part, I will do mine."

"O, thank you, thank you, sir," said Henry, with a full heart. "I will do my very best to please you."

Not many days afterwards the farmer came into the office with a letter in his hand. "Henry," said he, 'I have come to take you back. George has written, and given us a pretty severe blowing up for sending you away, and he owns he slipped the chain in your pocket to surprise you when you found it out. The boy I got in your place don't half do your work, and we are all ready to take you back, and begin anew."

Henry looked at the judge, but he did not seem inclined to speak. "I am very glad," said he, 'that you have the proof that I was no thief; but Judge Burnside believed my word without proof, and, if he is willing, I would rather stay here. I am going to be a lawyer some day, and I know I shall like it better than farming."

"Very well," said the farmer, "I don't blame you. The judge will do right by you. I know. You may count me your friend too, for believe me, I'll not be so hasty in judging another time."—*Young Folks' News.*

Venerable Victims of Old Rye.

A good story is told us of a reverend gentlemen of some reputation, who was a good hater of cant. Born and reared a farmer, he took to the church naturally, and undoubtedly his sincerity was the electrical effect by which he produced so many converts from 'the ways that are dark." He was an original wit, and when the purpose served him, a cynic. He left his native town at the commencement of his religious career. On returning to his former home one time, his old neighbors having heard of his fame as a "sower of the gospel," assembled to meet him, and one sanctimonious fellow, who carried a winning air about him, on all occasious, was one of the first to come fawning about him.

"By the way," said the clergyman, "what has become of old Smithers?"

"Dead," said Uriah Heap, with agony.

"Dead?"

"Yes—whiskey killed him."

"How old was he?"

"Seventy four."

"Unfortunate man! And old Slater?"

"Dead," another groan.

"Poor old Slater. What did he die of?"

"Whisky."

"How old was he?"

"Eighty-one."

"Deluded wretch! And Daddy Wood?"

"He, too, has gone the way of all flesh. He drank himself to death, when he should have been thinking of the future world. He was eighty-five and even with the grave—"

"I say brother," said the minister, with a quite laugh in his eye, "can you tell me where I can get a hogshead of that same liquor?"

True, Every Word of It

An Arkansas local soliloquizes in this manner:

"Some of our exchanges are publishing as a curious item a statement to the effect that a horse in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bunghole of a barrel and slacked his thirst. We do not see anything extraordinary in the occurrence. Now, if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bunghole and slacked his thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bunghole out of the plug and slacked its thirst with the horse, or if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel and slacked its thirst with the bunghole, or if the bunghole had pulled the thirst out of the horse and slacked the plug with the barrel, or if the barrel had pulled the horse out of the bunghole and plugged its thirst with a slack, it might be worth while to make some fuss over it."

THE temparance men of Blair county are organizing for moral, instead of political suasion.

GENERAL CAMERON.

The *Scranton Republican*, which for a considerable time subsequent to the State Convention, withheld its support from Gen. Hartranft, and was never classed among papers friendly to Gen. Cameron, pays this just tribute to that gentleman: "The animus of Forney's fight on Hartranft was jealousy and hatred of Cameron, while M'Clure, Curtin, Grow, and others of lesser ilk, allowed the rotten old sore of past years to break out afresh and poison the atmosphere around them. High above all of his traducers Senator Cameron stood in this fight, the very bitterness of which has wrought the more signal defeat of his enemies And the glory and pride of our victory is also in no small degree the crowning triumph of Senator Cameron's public life.

"Simon Cameron is the father of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, and has ever been its chief organizing mind. He was never known to falter in his fealty to his party and his political friends, and never to barter his principles to injure an enemy or to advance his own or others' interests. Highly honored as he has deservedly been with positions of great trust, he has been thoroughly tried and always found true and steadfast. Since General Cameron's return to the Senate in 1867 he has been an honor to the State. His record in that branch of the National Congress may well elicit the pride and praise of his constituency. His sterling common sense, a quality lacking in many public men, his vigorous well-cultivated mind, his great legislative experience, and the power of his personal magnetism, all combine with many other good qualities to make his influence a tower of strength at Washington.

"Republicans of Pennsylvania may proudly claim Simon Cameron as their leader, and challenge comparison of his record all in all with that of any living statesman in the country. We never have worn a Cameron collar, nor a Curtin collar, and are nobody's man, but we can maintain our independence and yet rebuke the outrageous torrent of abuse against the ablest leader we have ever had, and add one voice to the multitude which have shielded Senator Cameron from malicious attacks and accord to him the credit which is due."

An Arkansas Letter.

From the St. Louis Democrat.

DOVER, Ark., Oct. 3, 1872.—*My Dear Boy:* The double-barrel that you sent came safely to hand, and I was only shot at once while I was carrying it home. Bill Slivers popped at me from behind the fence as I was passing his house, but I had loaded the two-shooter as soon as I got it, and he didn't jump up from behind that fence but once.

I am glad that one of the barrels is a rifle, as I needed it for long range practice. The other I can fill with buck-shot and can riddle a man nicely at close quarters. I mean to try both barrels on those Jetts when I meet them. You see, old man Jett stole a mule from us in the war, and when it was over pap laid for him and killed him. Then nigger Tom Jett, as we called him—the black-faced one—he laid for pap and plugged him. Then I picked a fuss with Tom and cut him into giblets, and since that time his brother Sam has been laying for me. I know it is his turn, but I think my double-barrel will prove too much for him.

If you want to see fun come down for a while and bring a rifle. It don't make any difference which side you belong to, and it isn't even necessary to join the militia. It is easy to get up a grudge against somebody, and all you have to do is to lay for your man and knock him over. Behind my pig-pen is one of the sweetest hiding-places I know of, and it is so handy! A good many people come within range in the course of a week, and a man can pass his time right pleasantly.

I wish you would send me a catalogue of Sunday-school books, with the prices, if there are any in St. Louis. If we can get them on time we will take a big lot of books. I am Superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school now, and am running it under a full head of steam. Old man Byers, who was turned out, is right mad about it, and swears that he will chaw me up; but he will chaw lead if he don't keep clear of me.

My wife wants to know if you can't send her a set of teeth without her getting measured for them. Her twenty-five dollar set was busted all to flinders by a pistol shot that went through her mouth; but it didn't hurt her tongue. Write soon to your friend and pard,

_____.

P. S.—That sneaking, ornery cuss, Sam Jett, crept up last night and fired at me through the window, but he did't happen to kill anybody except a nigger girl. I mean to go for him, though, today; will be glad of a chance to try the double-barrel.

THIS is a personal item in the most approved style of the Western papers: "Jacob Bumgander blew into the muzzle of his gun to see if it was loaded. It was. Funeral on Sunday."

"WHAT is your advice to young men about smoking?" asked a gentleman of an old smoker.

"Never begin," was the reply.

AN APPEAL!

To Debilitated Persns,
To Dispeptics,
To uffe ers from Liver Complaint
To those having no Appetite,
To those with broken own Constitutions
To Nervous People,
To Children Wasting Away,
To any with debilitated digestive Organs

Or suffering with any of the following Symptoms, which indicate Disordered Stomach or Liver.

such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and difficult breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

Hoofland's German Bitters.

A Bitters without Alcohol or Spirits of any kind.

Is different from all others. It is composed of the pure Juices, or VITAL PRINCIPLE OF ROOTS, HERBS, and BARKS, (or, as medicinally termed, Extracts,) the worthless or inert portions of the ingredients not being used. Therefore in one bottle of this Bitters there is contained as much medicinal virtue as will be found in several gallons of ordinary mixtures. The Roots, &c., used in this Bitters are grown in Germany, their vital principles extracted in that country by a scientific Chemist, and forwarded to the manufactory in this city, when they compounded and bottled. Containing no spirituous ingredients, this Bitters is free from the objections urged against all others; no desire for stimulants can be induced from their use, they cannot make drunkards, and cannot under any circumstances, have any but a beneficial effect.

Hoofland's German Tonic.

Was compounded for those not inclined to extreme bitters, and is intended for use in cases when some alcoholic stimulant is required in connection with the Tonic properties of the Bitters. Each bottle of the tonic contains one bottle of the Bitters, combined with pure SANTA CRUZ RUM, and flavored in such a manner that the extreme bitterness of the bitters is overcome forming a preparation highly agreeable and pleasant to the palate, and containing the medicinal virtues of the Bitters. The price of the Tonic is $1,50 per Bottle, which many persons think too high. They must take into consideration that the stimulant used is guaranteed to be of a pure quality. A poor article could be furnished at a cheaper price, but is it not better to pay a little more and have a good article? A medicinal preparation should contain none but the best ingredients; and they who expect to obtain a cheap compound, and be benefitted by it, will most certainly be cheated.

HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
OR
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN TONIC,
WITH
HOOFLAND'S
Podophyllin Pill,
WILL CURE YOU.
They are the Greatest
BLOOD PURIFIERS

Known to the Medical world and will eradicate diseases arising from impure blood, Debility of the Digestive Organs, or Diseased Liver, in a shorter time than any other known remedies.

The whole Supreme Court of Pen'a
SPEAR FOR THESE REMEDIES.
Who would ask for more Dignified or Stronger Testimony?

HON. GEORGE W. WOODWARD, *formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania at present Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, writes:*

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1871.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in case of debility and want of nervous action in the system. Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

HON, JAS. THOMPSON, *Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,*

PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1867.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my own experience of it.
Yours, with respect, JAS. THOMPSON.

HON. GEORGE SHARSWOOD, *Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.*

PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1868.

I have found by experience that "Hoofland's German Bitters" is a very good tonic, relieving dyspeptic symptoms almost directly.
GEORGE SHARSWOOD

HON. JAS. M. WOOD, *Ex-Mayor of Williamsport, Pa.*

I take great pleasure in recommending "Hoofland's German Tonic" to any one who may be afflicted with Dyspepsia. I had the Dyspepsia so badly it was impossible to keep any food on my stomach, and I became so weak, as not to be able to walk half a mile. Two bottles of Tonic effected a perfect cure. JAMES M. WOOD.

REMEMBER
THAT
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,
Will Cure every Case of
MARASMUS,
Or Wasting away of the Body.
REMEMBER
THAT
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN REMEDIES

Are the medicines you require to purify the Blood, excite the torpid Liver to healthy action, and to enable you to pass safely through any hardships or exposure.

DR. HOOFLAND'S
PODOPHYLLIN,
Or Substitue for Mercury Pills.
TWO PILLS A DOSE.
The Most Powerful, Yet Innocent Vegetable Cathartic Known.

It is not necessary to take a handful of these Pills to produce the desired effect; two of them act quickly and powerfully, cleansing the Liver, Stomach and Bowels all impurities. The principal ingredient is Podophyllin, or the Alcoholic Extract of Mandrake, which is by many times more powerful, acting and searching than the Mandrake itself. Its peculiar action is upon the Liver, cleaning it speedily from all obstructions, with all the power of Mercury, yet free from the injurious results attached to the use of that mineral.

For all diseases, in which the use of a cathartic is indicated, these pills will give entire satisfaction in every case. They NEVER FAIL.

In cases of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and extreme costiveness, Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic should be used in connection with the Pills. The tonic effect of the Bitters or Tonic builds up the system. The Bitters or Tonic purifies the Blood, strengthens the Nerves, REGULATES the Liver, and gives strength, energy and vigor.

Keep your Bowels active with the Pills, and tone up the system with Bitters or Tonic, and no disease can retain its hold, or ever assail you.

Recollect that it is DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN REMEDIES that are so universally used and highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by Express to any locality, upon application to the PRINCIPAL OFFICE, at the GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, 631 Arch St., Philadelphia.

CHARLES M. EVANS, PROPRIETOR.
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for Sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere v3n45.1y.

Batchellor & Co. | *Boots & Shoes.*

B. L. BATCHELLER & CO'S
BOSTON
BOOT & SHOE
STORE!

NO. 5, BUSH'S ARCADE BUILDING,
(NEXT DOOR TO ZIMMERMAN, BRO'S & CO.,)
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

THE PROPRIETORS' WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE TO THE CITIzens of BELLEFONTE and vicinity that they now have in Store one of the Largest and Best selected Stocks of

BOOTS AND SHOES

, ever offered in this market, comprising Full Lines of

Ladies', Misses', Childrens',
Men's, Youths' and Boys' Shoes!
Patent Leather Boots, Patent Congress
Boots, and Patent Rotary Heels!

Also, a Fine Assortment of

Men and Boys' Fine Dress Boots,

consisting of a much fuller line than is usually found in a

FIRST CLASS RETAIL STORE

All of which we offer as LOW and in many instances LOWER than the same Goods are quoted in New York or Philadelphia. We only ask an

EXAMINATION AND COMPARISON OF OUR GOODS AND PRICES TO CONVINCE BUYERS OF THE ABOVE FACTS.

TERMS CASH!

P. S.
COUNTRY MERCHANTS
WILL FIND IT TO THEIR INTEREST TO CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

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J. Brant Hahn, | *Dry Goods.*

A SUPERIOR STOCK OF NEW GOODS

J. BRANT HAHN,
PHILADELPHIA STORE.

MILESBURG, PA.,
SELLS
ONLY
FOR
READY
PAY.

With the advantages I have, I can
SAVE YOU FROM
15 TO 20 PER CT.
ON ALL
GOODS YOU
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CAN
ONLY
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THIS
BY ABOLISHING THE
CREDIT SYSTEM

Great REDUCTION in PRICES!

A LARGE AND FULL ASSORTMENT OF
LADIES DRESS GOODS!
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS and CAPS,
GROCERIES FLOUR, FEED, &C.

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WITH
ORVIS & ALEXANDER,
attends to collections and practice in the Orphans' Court. v3n1-1y

Physicians and Dentists.

E. A. RUSSELL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, offers his Professional services to the citizens of Unionville and vicinity. v3n5-3m.

AUGUSTUS HIBLER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence near the Quaker Meeting House. Will attend to all business in his profession at all times and at all hours. v1n23-1y.

GEORGE F. HARRIS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon; Pension Surgeon for Centre Co., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Office on High street, North side, Bellefonte, Pa. v2n4-1y.

JAMES H. DOBBINS, Physician and Surgeon. Office up stairs in J. H. McClure's building, Bishop street, Bellefonte, Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession, faithfully at all times and all hours. v2n2-1y.

T. B. HAYES. E. F. HAYES

HAYES & BROTHER, Physicians and Surgeons, offer their professional services to the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity. Office and residence next door to First National Bank. v3n3-y

GEO. L. POTTER, M. D, Physician and Surgeon, offers his professional services to the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity. Office removed to house formerly occupied by Mrs Livingston, on Spring street, two doors South of Presbyterian church. mar16'70-1y

J. C. McENTIRE, Dentist, notifies his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an office for the practice of his profession, in the brick building opposite the "Republican" office. All persons wishing Dental operations, teeth or repairs will please call. All I ask is a trial. Work warranted. 4-22-1y

S. BELFORD D. D. S.—Offers his Professional serveces to the citizens of Centre Co. Office over Wilson's Drug Store, one Doore Below Irwin & Wilson's Hardware Store. All Work intrusted to me will be Executed in the Best Manner

Vulcanite, full Setts.....$30
Upper Setts.....$15
Partial Setts $2 per tooth. Please give me a call. v3n-14

J. W. RHONE, Dentist, Boalsburg, Penn's. In his office every Monday and Saturday of each week. Agent for the new improved Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. Also Agent for the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company. The Assets on 1st January, 1872, were $51,577,997 00. Its cash Receipts During the year 1871, were $15,565,644 77. The cash Dividends paid to policy holders in 1871, were $3,365,495 12.

☞ The ratio of Expenses (including taxes to receipts during the year 1871, were only seven and eight-tenths per cent, which is much less than any other Company. 1-2-y

BANKS.

C. HUMES, Pres't.....J. P. HARRIS, Cash'r.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Bellefonte Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa. v3n1-1y.

H. BROCKERHOFF, Pres't..J. D. SHUGERT, Cash'r.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., receive Deposits and allow Interest, Discount notes, Buy and sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons. v3n2-1y.

MOSES THOMPSON, JOHN I. THOMPSON
WM. THOMPSON, JR.

JOHN I. THOMPSON & CO.,

BANKERS.

LEMONT, CENTRE CO., PA.
v2n26-1y

Shaving Saloons.

M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber, in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a SHAVE without either pulling or pain. Perfumery, Hair Oils Hair Restoratives, Paper Collars, &c., constantly on hand. ja12'70-1y.

Medical.

J. ZELLER & SON,

DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES,

NO. 6 BROCKERHOFF ROW

BELLEFONTE, PENNA.,

Prescriptions carefully prepared at all hours of the night or day. 4-1-y

Miscellaneous.

WM. SHORTLIDGE. BOND VALENTINE

Shortlidge & Co.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,



SELL

ANTHRACITE COAL,

LIME,

POWDER,

IMPLEMENTS,

FERTILIZERS!

Office and Yard near South End of Bald Eagle Valley Railroad Depot,

v4n34-1y

NEW STORE

AND

NEW GOODS!

THE undersigned having purchased the Store of John B. Awl, deceased, and having received a large assortment of new

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

from the Eastern Cities is now prepared to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

to the people of Bellefonte and Centre county to purchase their goods of him.

LUMBERMEN

will save money by calling at his store.

CASH BUYERS

both ladies and gentlemen will find it greatly to their interest to deal with him. A good assortment of the

VERY BEST OF GOODS

will always be kept, and no effort will be spared to accomodate customers. The patronage of the pubne is soucited.

JAS. C. WILLIAMS,
v4n36-1y Bellefonte Pa.

GROCERIES

SECHLER & CO.,

BUSH HOUSE BLOCK, BELLEFONTE, PA.

HAVE THE LARGEST AND THE BEST STOCK OF GROCERIES,

THAT IS KEPT IN BELLEFONTE.

Everything in the line always on hand, Fresh and of the

BEST QUALITY.

SECHLER & CO.,

Are selling a fine OOLONG TEA for $1.00 per lb

SECHLER & CO.,

Are selling a fine Imperial Tea for $1,00 per lb.

SECHLER & CO.,

Are selling the finest COFFEE in the market.

SECHLER & CO.,

Have the largest assortment of WHITESTONE, CHINA, GLASS and CROCKERY WARE ever brought to Bellefonte.

SECHLER & CO.,

Have a full line of STONE WARE, such as BUTTER POTS, JARS, JUGS, MILK CROCKS, &c., &c.

SECHLER & CO.,

Have a good stock of FISH. MACKEREL, No's 1 and 2, Large Round Herring, Lake Herring and SMOKED FISH.

SECHLER & CO.,

Keep a better line of SUGARS than can be found at any other place in Bellefonte.

PULVERIZED, CRUSHED, LOAF, GRANULATED "A" WHITE, EX. "C" WHITE, "C" YELLOW, DEMARARA, NEW ORLEANS, PORTO RICO and BROWN SUGARS, always Fresh and

SOLD AT CLOSE PRICES!

SECHLER & CO.,

Take Butter, Eggs, Lard, Meat, Potatoes and all kinds of Country Produce in exchange for GROCERIES.

Farmers, Remember,

that you can get more and better Groceries for your Produce by dealing for them at a Regular Grocery House, than you can by buying them at a Dry Goods Store. We keep a Better Stock, Better Goods and sell cheaper than they do.

Sechler & Co., Grocers,

BUSH HOUSE BLOCK, BELLEFONTE, PA.
v4n16-1y.

Miscellaneous Cards.

BELLEFONTE MEAT MARKET,

BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

The oldest Meat Market in Bellefonte. Choice meat of all kinds always on hand.
v3n1-tf A. MULLEN & CO.

SOLOMON DERR.—Hereby gives notice to his old friends and the business community generally that he has a good team of horses, and that he is prepared at all times to deliver lumber, flour, feed, or baggage, or anything else in his line, to any part of the town or County. Everything committed to his care, will be attended to punctually. 4-2?-1y.

JAMES HARTNELL, having located in this place, would respectfully inform the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity, that he is prepared to do all kinds of Carpenter Work, Painting, Glazing and Paper Hanging at reasonable rates and upon the shortest notice. Residence at the Brockerhoff House. Application should be made, or letters addressed to JAS. HARTNELL, Bellefonte, Pa. 4-33-1y

F. P. GREENE, DEALER IN

SEWING MACHINES.

PIANOS, ORGANS, MELODEONS,

SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOK

SPOOL COTTON,

and Sewing Silk, Mrs. Irwin's building Allegheny street, Bellefonte. v3n17-1y.

WATCHMAKER!

THE undersigned adopts this method of informing his friends and the people of Centre Co., that he is now located in the room adjoining the store of Harper Bros., on Spring St., where he is prepared to make and repair watches. He is solicitous of business and guarentees complete satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work. Clocks watches and jewelry repaired upon the shortest notice. F. C. RICHARD.
v3n28-1y.

ESTABLISHED 1853. ESTABLISHED 1853.

F. P. GREEN,

DRUGGIST.

BUSH HOUSE BUILDING, BELLEFONTE,

Keeps constantly on hand, or orders on short notice, a full assortment of everything usually kept in a first-class Drug Store. Particular attention given to preparing Physicians prescriptions, and family recipes. v3n7-1y.

ED. FORTNEY'S

TOBACCO STORE,

CORNER OF ALLEGHENY AND BISHOP STREETS. THE BEST BRANDS OF

moking and h ewing Tobacco.

ALSO, SEGARS, SNUFF, MEERSHAVM PIPES, PAPER COLLARS

and everything kept in a FIRST CLASS TOBACCO STORE. The patronage of the people is solicited.
v4n21-1y ED. FORTNEY.

Iron of all Sizes,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

At the Mill of the BELLEFONTE

Iron Company!

NEAR THE GLASS WORKS.

v3-n43-1y.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

BOOTS & SHOES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
BOOTS & SHOES,

AT JOHN POWERS' STORE,
AT JOHN POWERS' STORE,
AT JOHN POWERS' STORE,

OPPOSITE THE BUSH HOUSE,
OPPOSITE THE BUSH HOUSE.

All persons wanting

BOOTS AND SHOES

should call at once. Remember,

JOHN POWERS

makes good all he says.
v3n32-1y.

REMOVAL.

THEO. DESCHNER, GUNSMITH.

Has removed to the Storeroom, known as No. 5, Bush's Arcade, next to Zimmerman Bro's & Co's Store. A complete stock of

REVOLVERS, GUNS, FISHING TACKLE, KEYS, AMMUNITION, BASE BALLS; BATS, & GENERAL

SPORTING GOODS

Just opening out.

Guns made to order, and repaired and warranted. aug11 70-1y

THE OLD RELIABLE

Liverpool and London and Globe

Insurance Co.

Cash Capital & Reserved Funds, over	$20,000,000
Invested in the United States, over	5,000,000
Income in the United States in 1870,	2,441,000
Yearly Revenue, over	6,805,000
Daily Revenue, over	20,000

Stockholders personally responsible for all engagements of the Company.

C. E. ANDERSON,

AGENTS, BELLEFONTE, PA.
v3n41-1y

TO BUILDERS!

HAVING purchased the Beech Creek Saw Mill Property, at Snow Shoe, Centre county, Pa., I am prepared to fill orders for

WHITE & YELLOW PINE,

OAK

HEMLOCK LUMBER.

Also, for

SHINGLES, PLASTERING LATH AND PALINGS.

W. M. HOLMES,
Post Office Address, Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa. 3-47 tf

Grain and Flour.

BELLEFONTE MERCHANT MILLS.

J. M. WAGNER & CO.

inform their friends, and the people of Centre and adjoining counties, that they continue to do business at the Bellefonte Mill. They keep constantly on hand the very best of

FAMILY AND SUPERFINE FLOUR,

Corn Meal, Feed of all kinds, such as Corn in the Ear, Rye, Chop, Corn Chop, Rye, Corn and Oats Chop, mixed in equal quantities, which they sell wholesale and retail at the lowest reasonable rates. They also buy

GRAIN OF ALL KINDS,

for which they pay the Highest Market Price, and pay the cash right down. No farmer need come the second time for his Greenbacks. Give us a trial. JOHN M. WAGNER & CO.,
v3n6-1y. Bellefonte, Pa.

GEORGE BLYMYER, ANDREW BLYMYER
JACOB C. BLYMYER, JOE P. BLYMYER.

MILROY WAREHOUSE.

C. BLYMYER & SONS

having taken possession of the Warehouse in

MILROY, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PA.,

beg leave to announce to the citizens of Centre county, that they are prepared to buy

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

at the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICES

SALT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

COAL & PLASTER ALWAYS

ON HAND.

thankful for past favors, we solicit a continuance of the same. v3n27-1y

G. & D. WOODRING,

HAVING leased, for a term of years, the

BROCKERHOFF MILL,

near Roopsburg, this county, beg leave to inform the farmers and the people generally, that they are prepared to purchase

WHAET,
RYE,
CORN,

AND ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

at the highest market and cash price. Money for Grain will be promptly paid.

A Mill Wagon

will run regularly, three each week, from the Mill to Bellefonte. es supplied with

The Best of Flour,

on the shortest notice.
4-18-1y G. & D. WOODRING.

Lumber etc.

W. V HUGHES.

(Successor to Holmes & Company,)

BELLEFONTE

PLANING MILL,

Manufactures and keep always on hand White & Yellow Pine Flooring.

Weatherboarding, of various styles,

Sash,
Blinds,
Doors,
Moulding,
Brackets,
Scroll Sawing of every description

nd Brackets of all sizes made to order.

Having a

BUCKLEY'S PATENT LUMBER DRYER

Connected with our establishment, we are enabled to manufacture our work from

THOROUGHLY SEASONED LUMBER.

Orders from
Contractors,
Builders,
Dealers,
and the trade generally solicited.

W. V HUGHES,
v2n12-1y. Bellefonte Centre Co., Pa.

JEWELRY, &c.

FRANK P. BLAIR!

(BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO. PENN'A.)



(ALLEGHENY AND HIGH STREETS.)

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

WATCHES,

SILVER WARE,

JEWELRY,

FANCY GOODS

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

v3n47y

Hotels.

RAIL ROAD HOUSE,

Corner Front and Pine Street,

PHILIPSBURG, CENTRE CO., PA.

ROBERT LOYD, Prop'r.

The best of Liquors and Segars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. v2n23-1y

EAGLEVILLE HOTEL,

J. I. KUHNS, PROPRIETOR.

THE undersigned is prepared to accommodate all persons who may favor him with a call. The Eagleville Hotel is first class. The table cannot be beaten, and the stable accommodations are superior. Be sure to call when you come to Eagleville.

J. I. KUHNS, Proprietor,
43-1y. Eagleville, Pa.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

MILLHEIM, CENTRE COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned adopts this method of informing the travelling community, and citizens generally, that he has refitted and furnished anew throughout, with first-class furniture, this well known and established house—

THE NATIONAL HOTEL, MILLHEIM, PA.

He is well prepared to furnish first-class accommodations to all who desire to make a hotel their Home, or pleasant temporary abode. The custom of the travelling public, and the surrounding country, is respectfully solicited. Courteous and attentive servents are engaged at the popular Hotel. The Stabling is the very best, and none but careful and accommodating Hostlers are employed.

JONATHAN KREMER,
jy14'70-1y. Prop'r.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,

ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

D. JOHNSON & SONS, Proprietors.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL—COMFORTABLE ROOMS,

PROMPT ATTENDANCE.

ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES—

AND REASONABLE CHARGES,

The proprietors offer to the traveling public, and to their country friends, first class accommodations and careful attention to the wants of guests at all times, at fair rates. Careful hostlers and good stabling for horses. An excellent table well served. A Bar supplied with fine liquors. Servants well trained and everything requisite in a first class Hotel. Our location is in the business part of the town, near the Post Office, the Court House, the Churches, the Banks, and the principal places of business, renders it the most eligible place for those who visit Bellefonte, on business or for pleasure.

AN OMNIBUS WILL CARRY PASSENGERS

and baggage to and from all trains free of charge
3-35-y,

CARMAN'S HOTEL!

DANIEL GARMAN, Proprietor.

THIS long established and well known House, situated on the Southeast corner of the Diamond,

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,

having been enlarged and refurnished, is now one of the

BEST AND LARGEST HOTELS in the County.

HIS TABLE

is always supplied with the most sumptuous fare.

HIS BAR

will always contain the choicest of liquors.

HIS STABLING

which is always an item to farmers—is the best in town, with good and attentive hostlers.

AN EXCELLENT LIVERY,

is attached to this Hotel which strangers and others will find greatly to their advantage.

DANL. GARMAN.
44-1y Bellefonte, Pa.

BUSH HOUSE.

MESSRS. W. H. WILKINSON & CO. would respectfully announce to the public that they have bought the entire furniture and leased the

BUSH HOUSE!

for a term of ten (10) years, and are having extensive improvements made, regardless of expense, with an eye to good taste, neatness and the wants of the traveling public. Will open it as a

FIRST CLASS HOTEL.

Connected with the House is a splendid

BILLIARD ROOM,

fitted up with

PHELAN AND COLLONDER STANDARD TABLES.

The Proprietors pledge themselves that the guests at this House will always find what they so much admire,

A Pleasant Homelike Hotel.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Very truly yours,
v4n8-1y W. H. WILKINSON & CO.

Livery Stables.

LIVERY STABLE!

WM. McCULLEY, begs leave to inform the citizens of Bellefonte and the public generally, that he has opened and is now keeping one of the largest and most extensive

Livery Stables in Bellefonte.

His horses are good and safe—his

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &C., ARE ALL GOOD,

and comfortable. His rates of hire are reasonable. He solicits the patronage of the public, and promises satisfaction.

WM. McCULLEY.
v4n33-1y

LOSES LIVERY STABLE.

The undersigned having entered into partnership in the Livery business, under the firm name of Isaac Lose & Son, adopt this method of informing the people of Bellefonte, and the public generally, that they will carry on the business in the Burnside stable. It is their determination to keep the very best

HORSES, BUGGIES & CARIAGES,

and to hire them out at the most reasonable rates. Thankful for the kindness and favor they have received from the community in the past, they will make it their chief object to merit the continuance of the same.

ISAAC LOSE.
apr14.'70-1y. GEO. A. LOSE.

MEDICAL.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE — FREE FROM — ALCOHOL

PURELY — CALIFORNIA

Dr. WALKER'S



VINEGAR BITTERS

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing the merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, and in Bilious Diseases.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.
Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, Cal., & cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N.Y.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.
4-32-3m.

FOUNDRIES, &c

MILESBURG FOUNDRY.

CASTINGS AND MACHINERY OF ALL kinds made and fitted up in the best style

Thimble SKEINS

of the last improved style, Wholesale or Retail.

Turbine Water Whels, Engines, &c.,

made to order. [3-29-1y] J. M. GREEN.

W. P. DUNCAN,

BELLEFONTE PA

FOUNDER & MACHINIST.

MANUFACTURER OF

Steam Engines,

TURBINE WATER WHEELS,

CIRCULAR SAW MILLS,

Mill Machinery.

v2n46-1y.

LOGAN FOUNDRY,

NEAR THE RAIL ROAD DEPOT,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

It is with pleasure I inform the people Centre and the adjoining counties, that I am now prepared to make

HOUSE CASTINGS,

such as Sash Weights, Cellar Window Grates, &c., of all sizes.

Grist & Sawmill Castings, Sled

Soles of all kinds, Plows, Plow Shares. I also manufacture the

IMPROVED WORTZ PLOW.

Also, Egg Stoves, Stove Castings, Oven Doors and Grates, Coal Grates for Pavements, Water Pipes, Wagon Boxes, together with every

VARIETY OF CASTINGS,

kept constantly on hand, or made to order. All orders filled promptly. Give me a call. Don't forget the place, near the Railroad Depot, Bellefonte.
v3n1-1y. GEO. A. LOGAN.

Coal, Lime, &c.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

HAVING erected new Coal Sheds and new Scales, (Fairbanks') we are prepared to furnish the

Very Best Quality

OF

Wilkesbarre and Shamokin Coal!

to all who may want the same, at the

MOST REASONABLE PRICES!

Our Coal is of the very

BEST IN THE MARKET!

and will be delivered at the residence of all parties in Bellefonte, as low as the same quality of coal can be had elsewhere.

All orders left with J. P. Gephart, at his office in the Conrad House, or at the Coal Yard, will receive prompt attention.

4-29-1y ALEXANDER & CO.

☞ A complete file of the BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN may always be found at the offices of GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 40 and 41 Park Row, New York, who are authorized to represent us in that city.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Wednesday Morning, Nov. 6th, 1872

Lodge Directory.

Bayard Post, No. 90, G. A. R., meets every Monday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Council, No. 270, O. U. A. M., meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefont Lodge, No. 190, K. of P., meets every Friday evening, at their hall, in Loeb, May & Loeb's building, Allegheny street.

Centre Lodge, No. 153, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening at the Odd Fellow's hall. Degree meetings first Saturday of each month.

Minerva (Rebekah Degree) Lodge, No. 53, meets on the Saturday night next to and immediately before the full of the moon of each month, in Odd Fellow's hall.

Bellefonte Encampment, No. 72, I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall, on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.

Bellefonte Lodge No. 268, A. Y. M., meets on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, on or before each full moon, in Bush's Arcade.

Constans Commandery, No. 33, K. T., meets the second Tuesday evening of each month, in Bush's Arcade.

JACK FROST has been round pretty severely.

YESTERDAY was a beautiful day. We hope there was a full vote polled in the State. If so, then Grant's majority will be 75,000.

THE Park Co., have built a walk and a nice fence across the lower part of our beautiful Spring. Why is it that the town council does not build a fence around the Spring, so as to prevent geese and ducks from swiming in it?

ONE thing is remarkable in regard to the present season. It was exceedingly severe on that species of snake known in this country as the copper-head. Goldsmith the great natural historian, does not speak of it. It was not known in his day.

THE farmers have had a good time for harvesting their corn. It has been a great year for corn. It has also been a remarkable year for cribbing Democrats. The crop is nearly gathered. A gentleman at our elbow asks which crop? We answer both—the corn and the Democrats.

LIST of Letters remaining in the Bellefonte Post Office and unclaimed Nov. 4th, 1872.

V Breon, Miss Hannah Blank, Miss Libbie Confer, Michael Cane, Geo W Daniels, Sarah Emerick—2, John Hughes, Daniel Hynes, Henry Hallabo, Miss Mary Kean, Calvin Landers, Augustus Miller, A B Miller, Simon Mulrocney, Patrick Keiley, Miss Fannie Struble, Wm Shutt, John Temple, J A Trees, Mrs Elizabeth Wilson, Samuel White, H H Williams, Elias Williams, John Williams.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. D. Wingate, anticipates sojourning during a short time in his old home and will be glad to meet his friends and patrons at the Butts House, in Bellefonte, on and after Nov. 15th, 1872. To secure DENTAL OPERATIONS it may be necessary to apply early as his time for staying is limited.

While here he is determined to sell his house and lot, and lots, on Lewistown Turnpike amazingly cheap. 44-tf.

FIRE.—The dwelling house of Caleb Kephart, Buffalo Run, was totally destroyed by fire on Thursday the 31st ult. The fire broke out about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. There being no one at home but Mrs. Kephart and her daughter, they only succeeded in saving the goods on the lower floor. There was an insurance of $2000 dollars on the house and furniture. Mr. Kephart, was in Bellefonte the day of the fire, and when he returned, found himself burned out of house and home.

We sympathize with Mr. Kephart's family, fully aware of the fact that this is a very unpleasant season of the year, to be turned out of doors. How the fire occurred is not known; but it is probable that it caught from the flue or chimney. Owners of buildings, before firing up for Winter, ought to make a very careful inspection, of their flues, chimneys and whole heating apparatus, as fire is an element not to be tampered with.

REPUBLICAN MEETING.—On Saturday night last, the Republicans of Snow Shoe, held a live Republican meeting. Despite the rain and storm that prevailed, the new drum corps, under the command of Captain Stoneroad announced, by Martial Air, to the citizens of the village that the meeting would be. At half past 7 o'clock, the School House was well filled, and the following organization of the meeting effected: President Richard Miles, Esq., Vice Presidents John L. Summerville, Esq. Jos. Thompson, A. C. Crandall and Captain C. Stoneroad, and Dr. J. B. Glenn, Secretary. On motion John G. Love, Esq., was called upon to address the meeting, which he did in an able and fluent manner, spicing his speech with pointed anecdotes, which were told with good effect.

At the close of his address, Mr. Summerville, arose and spoke approvingly of Mr. Love's remarks, and exhorted the Republicans as to the importance of the next election, and to do their whole duty on that day. The meeting adjourned by giving three-hearty cheers for Grant and Wilson, and for the speaker, to MEET at the polls on Tuesday, November 5th, as workers for the National ticket.

J. B. GLENN,
Secretary.

ON Friday might have been seen, passing through town a man so tall as to attract attention, accompanied by two small children, a boy and girl. In appearance they were neat and clean, though their dress bespoke poverty. His story is this: He is a native of Switzerland and twenty two months ago was living happily in Youngstown, Ohio, with his wife and family of four children, one a babe. At this time, his wife became insane, and was confined in a lunatic asylum where she has dwindled to a mere skeleton. When in health she weighed 195 pounds and now weighs 70. This left him, "a stranger in a strange land," with his little children to care for, one of whom was shortly afterward drowned in a rain barrel. Having no one with whom to leave his children while he should be absent from home during the day to earn their bread, he started for his sister's, who he supposed lived in Ebensburg, walking nearly all the way to Pittsburgh. A railroad official at that city, coming to understand his case furnished them with passes to Ebensburg. Arrived there he found that his sister had removed to Lock Haven, and with five cents in his pocket he set out on foot with his children for that place, reaching Osceola on Thursday. Here he tried to obtain work that he might pay railroad fare for himself and his weary little ones, but, as before could not get board for them, so he came here and passed through town. A short distance out of town the children sat down to rest, near the dwelling of a kind hearted lady who gave them some apples, learned their circumstances, and made them known to others, through whom a sum of money was raised sufficient to pay their expenses to Lock Haven. The man seemed not to be inclined to accept the money as a charity evinced signs of culture, and was altogether gentlemanly. The story is a sad one, but yet not so sad as that which is told, not in the public prints, to be sure—every day of a woman and a mother left to struggle with the wolf at the door—but a man seems so out of place when little children are left entirely to his masculine care.—*Philipsburg Journal, November 2.*

HOW TO PREVENT FIRES.—The Fire Department of an eastern city submit the following suggestions for the prevention of fires, and as they are worthy of consideration and are valuable, we republish them for the benefit of our readers:

Keep matches in metal boxes and out of reach of children.

Wax matches are particularly dangerous, and should be kept out of the way of rats and mice.

Fill fluid or camphene lamps only by daylight and never near a fire or light.

Do not deposit coal or wood ashes in wooden vessels and be sure burning cinders are extinguished before depositing.

Never place a light or ashes under a stair case.

Never take a light to examing a gas meter or gas pipes in a building.

Be careful never to place gas or other lights near curtains.

Never take a light into a closet.

Do not read in a bed by candle or lamp light.

Place glass shades over gas lights in show windows, and do not crowd goods near them.

No smoking should be permitted in warehouses, particularly where goods are stacked or cotton stored.

Where furnaces are used, the *principal register* should always be *fastened open.*

Stove pipes should be at least four inches from board work, and guarded by tin.

All hatchways or openings in the floors of stores, factories or warehouses should be closed at night.

All iron doors between stores should be closed at night or when not in use.

PERSONALS.—Richard Divine, with Mitchell & Fletcher, dealers in Teas, Groceries and Delicacies, 12th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, illuminated our sanctum, with his bright and intelligent countenance. Mr. Divine is a young man of great energy, of good moral character and trustworthy in every particular. He is now traveling soliciting orders both wholesale and retail. The firm of Mitchell & Fletcher, which he represents is one of the strongest and most reliable in Philadelphia.

Ex-Sheriff, Geo. Alexander, showed us his smiling face a few days since, in our Sanctum. Mr. Alexander, is one of the firm of J. & G. Alexander. The Messrs Alexanders have a well filled Dry Goods and Grocery Store, in Unionville. They have a good assortment and sell at reduced prices. We are always glad to meet our frienks. Come again.

A LITTLE girl in the South, old enough to attend school, had never heard a prayer. A missionery persuaded her to go to a Sunday-school he had recently started, and which was conducted by a lady. When the little girl saw the school was opened with singing and prayer, she slipped out and ran home, saying. "Mother, mother, we've got the queerest school marm you ever saw or heard tell on. She sings songs and speaks pieces in school, and the fun of it is, she gets right down on her knees when she speaks her piece.

For the REPUBLICAN.

AFTER hastily glancing over the vile, slimy, soul-scathing editorial given me in last week's *Watchman*, and thinking it to be the product of a diseased and excited imagination, it was concluded that silent contempt was the only weapon to be used in refuting charges so groveling, contemptible and void of truthfulness; but being importuned by friends on all sides to reply and thinking silence might be taken for incapacity, "The dabbler" has, with much reluctance, deigned to do so at the eleventh hour. The *Watchman*, says: "This gentleman (but elsewhere in the editorial, called a brazen-faced, impudent, bohemian liar, simply on account of entertaining different political views, but if the above assertion had a semblance to truthfulness, "this scribler" would unhesitatingly date the period of contamination,) gives vent to the enthusiasm that has been pent up in his manly bosom for Grant and Hartranft, through the columns of the Huntingdon *Journal*—a paper noted for the fewness of its subscribers and the exceeding dullness of its pages." Instead of being "noted for the fewness of its subscribers," it is, unlike the *Watchman*, a high toned uncontaminating family paper, having a larger circulation than any other in the county. If it is "dull" sometimes it prefers to be so rather than transform itself, like the *Watchman*, into a MORAL CLYTEMNESTRA of at least one third of the most estimable and respected citizens of the borough in which it is printed. The editor of that paper, does not, when short of current news, fill up his columns with slimy paragraphs on a much beloved minister of the Gospel, or on men who jeopardized their life in the defence of their country. I am also proud to state that the readers of the *Journal*, when they turn to the marriage column, are not burdened with a recital of how the editor made a glutton of himself, besides innuendoes of double meaning, or when they turn to the "INK Slings," do not find therein any Crittenden paragraphs, or the notice of the death of a noted authoress and an eminent statesman as having "pegged out together." The editor of the *Watchman* said something about blackguards. Now everyone in Bellefonte knows if they were appointed on a committee to hunt up two of the most genteel persons of that character, in Bellefonte, to do some mean little low paragraphing, they go direct to the *Watchmaa* office and say—"Thou art the men, we have need of thee." This philanthrophist and reformer—that is since the election—reminds me of the man, who on being interrogated concerning the service rendered his country during the late Rebellion, made reply he was not in actual warfare, but, nevertheless, sang in the great Peace Jubilee. So like him, the gentleman under consideration could truthfully say, I WAS not in actual service but served my country—the Southern part of it—as best I could, by showering invectives on the now, "eminent statesman," Ex-Governor Curtin, during his entire term of office. Here is something that "will do for the people to think about." The *Watchman*, during the war, compelled his readers, weekly, to swallow a camel, but now expects them to strain on a gnat, when found in the Huntingdon *Journal*. "And, above all, it is eminently disgraceful for" editors "to distort facts," and on the whole it looks rather "Shoddy."

The *Watchman* says: Mr. McPherron knows, if he knows anything at all about it, that on the night of Gov. Curtin's arrival here, although the reception was not intended to be, and was not a formal one, the streets were densely packed (*"perfect truthfulness"*) with citizens from the depot across the bridge to Sussman's store, with crowds extending on up the street as far as Wagner's corner and that it was almost impossible, in any manner to make one's way through the dense mass. He knows, too, that when the Governor lauded he was received with cheer after (in fact so long after that they were not heard until the next evening) cheer, and that when he lifted his hat the enthusiasum (curiosity) of the crowd was intense and earnest."

The Editor further adds, in all truthfulness—"That the illumination was magnificent and the finest ever seen in Bellefonte, and that the night meeting addressed by Gov. Curtin was the largest night meeting ever held in this borough. He further states that the rejoicing on the night of the election was nothing more than "poor fools on a common drunk." This "will do for the people to think about." How about the tickets gratuitously bestowed to bring the Lock Haven delegation to the reception and then cheering for Jeff Davis on their way home? How about the deception practiced to get a large crowd assembled on that evening, and the number that left the ranks, and the meeting when the true state of affairs was made known to them? Let it be distinctly understood that the object of this communication is NOT to denounce Gov. Curtin for he is in my estimation a high-toned gentleman, and a Statesman of whom Bellefonte may well be proud. Notwithstanding his ingratitude in the present campaign I would be among the first to lay aside all animosities and strive to add still greater laurels to that manly brow already bedecked with those so nobly won during the past. Since a noble victory has been won, why not let every partizan strife vanish with the smoke of battle?

If the editor of the *Watchman*, when billious, caused by being compelled to swallow an overwhelming Radical majority, will promise, during the future to vent his spleen on some one else, and also agree to pluck a few feathers from the wings of his imagination and stick them in the tail of his judgment that, so he may be guided aright in the selection of suitable subject matter for his paper, I will promise the public that they will not again be burdened by the perusal of another political communication.

W. S M'PHERRON.

SPEECH OF SENATOR WILSON.

Senator Wilson was serenaded in Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, at the League and delivered a most telling and prophetic speech. Although the election is over, we know that our readers will thank us for laying before them the grand ideas of this great speech. Senator Wilson, now Vice President elect of the United States of America, said:

FELLOW CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA: I fear I have not voice enough left to thank you for this kind and generous greeting, as my heart dictates, and to thank the distinguished citizen who has introduced me with so many flattering words. I come to you to-night travel worn and weary. During the last 110 days I have travelled over 15,000 miles, and addressed 128 assemblages, and looked in the faces of between 500,000 and 600,000 men, and now I come to say to you, Republicans of Philadelphia, that the victory is already assured. We will have twenty-seven, and probably twenty-nine or thirty states. [A cry from the crowd—"We will have all but two!"] You men of Pennsylvania settled on the 8th of October the Presidential question, and all you have to do on Tuesday next is to execute what you determined then.

We are at the close of a most extraordinary Presidential campaign—one without a parallel in this or any other country. A great party, the all-historic Democratic party, has gone into that contest without Democratic principles in its platform and with no Democrat to lead it. That campaign has not been a struggle of ideas on the part of the Democratic party, but it has consisted solely in making personal denunciations of General Grant. The people have heard these denunciations and the people have rebuked these slanders at the polls, and to-day General Grant stands vindicated in the judgment of the nation I thank God that the Republican party has carried on this contest from a higher plane, and dealt in reason and appeals to the grateful hearts of the people. As for myself, though entering on the campaign with reluctance, I owed it to myself and to the great Republican party which I represented, to deal not in slanders and denunciations but in the discussion of great public questions and the varying effects on those questions the election of General Grant or Mr. Greeley would have. I have

NOT UTTERED A SINGLE WORD

of disrespect toward Mr. Greeley or Mr. Brown, but have simply done what I consider to be my duty, and now, in the closing hours of this campaign, I feel that it has taught us many lessons.—Among them, that public men and the public press cannot indulge in persistent slander with the sanction of the people. Another lesson it has taught us—that the American nation runs itself. Nobody owns the colored vote, nobody owns the German vote, and, since the war, nobody owns anybody. Public men are strong only when they move with the people—the latter moving gradually on despite of obstacle and defection, and don't even miss the public man whom they drop when they think he has grown a little too large.

We owe, in this contest, a great deal to two or three classes of men. The business men, the mechanics, the workingmen have dreaded the success of the Greeley combination. They have, by their firmness and devotion, arrested the great "Tidal Wave" which it was said, for a different purpose, was to sweep over our land. The nine hundred thousand colored men, too, like the Old Guard, have stood up boldly in the conflict, during which Lincoln's pen wrote down their freedom, and Grant's sword made it a living reality.

And then the soldiers who have fought the battles of the country, who had heard that their old commander's presence in the Executive Mansion was an

OFFENCE IN THE EYES

of rebels, and reminded them of their defeat and his and his country's victory—they, too, are standing by their great leader in war, now that peace has come.

And now, gentlemen, give us in November what you gave us in October—a magnificent majority—and for the next four years, mark my words, we will have a better and a purer administration than our fathers had. Let us correct our mistakes, and trust ourselves, and not call in the Democratic party to aid us in purifying our own house. Let us carry on the administration of the country for the sake of humanity, build school-houses and churches, and develop the magnificent resources which God has given our country. Let us take care of the toiling millions of our own land, and protect them against the competition of the nations of the Old World.—Let us so act that the nations beyond the sea, when they look towards us, must look upward to see our grandeur. Let us extort, in the next four years, the increased admiration of the world, and bring down upon us the blessing of our Heavenly Father.

The band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," the signal was given to the fire-works operator, and the lights, drummond lights, volcanoes, and all the varied specimens of pyrotechnic art which had been gathered together in front of the League went off amidst the shouts and cheers of the crowd of auditors and spectators.

DEATH OF HORACE H. FITCH.—The Lock Haven *Republican* says: Mr. Fitch died shortly after five o'clock on Monday morning, after suffering two weeks with the most excruciating pain. Up to his dying he insisted that he had been the victim of a desperado. One day last week he asked his wife to read him the different accounts of the tragedy, which she did. When she came to anything which would give the least idea that the affair was a suicide, he would stop her and say. "No, no; I was set upon and murdered!" Up to Saturday night the Doctors had thought the man might recover, but at eleven o'clock of that night a sudden change come over him and he commenced to sink rapidly.

At six o'clock on Sunday evening the Doctors knew that the soul of Horace H Fitch was swiftly passing from earth. He retained consciousness up to the minute of his death. We understand that developments will soon be made to show more of this saddest of tragedies. That he was a victim of ruffians there certainly now can be no doubt That it was the doing of enemies there is reason to believe. But the only man, besides the murderer, who was present in the baggage room of the P. & E. depot on the morning of Monday, Oct. 14th, is now in his grave.

We hope the matter will be probed to the bottom, and the guilty one ferreted out. As yet there has not been much done by the authorities to investigate the matter. They now have a duty to perform for both the dead and the living in ferreting out this great crime.

MARRIED.

On the 13th ult., by Rev. M. L. Smyser, David D. Hollabaugh, and Miss Sarah Eckley, both of Bellefonte.

On 30th ult., at the residence of the brides father by Rev. M. L. Smyser, Mr. George W. Glvin, of Renova, Pa., and Miss Martha M. Weaver of Bellefonte Pa.

On the 29th ult., by the Rev. R. C. Bryson, Mr. C. K Eslington, of Milesburg, to Miss Lizzie A. Miller, of Ferguson township.

On the 31 inst., at the residence of Mr. Perry Gates, by Rev. M. G. Earhart, Mr. Miles Harpster and Miss Elizabeth Hebering, both of Ferguson township.

☞BY ONE OF THE LEADING PHYSICIANS of Philadelphia city.—A careful examination of mortuary statistics establishe the fact that one adult person out of every six dies of consumption, and so alarmingly is this disease gaining the ascendancy over all other ills to which flesh is heir, that its approach to one's immediate circle is regarded with perfect horror. If you will carefully examine the records of Materia Medica you will invariably discover that a general want of success in treating diseases has not been a deficiency of pathological knowledge of the functions affected, but of a suitable compound that would act upon the disease and all the sympathetic affections.

This want has at last been met in the Bitter Wine of Iron, prepared by the celebrated DR. E. F. KUNKEL, No 259 North Ninth street, Philadelphia. This excellent compound can be taken by persons with the most delicate stomach without any debilitating effect always giving strength and largely increasing the nervous energy of the patient. In all cases of pulmonary complaints it is admirably adapted to relieve the severity of the symptoms in the advanced stages of the disease, or to arrest it in its incipiency. If you want something that will give you strength, a good appetite, build up your constitution, and in place of moroseness and a lack of energy, give you a brisk and vigorous feeling, try Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. It has already received the meed of praise from thousands who have tested its virtues, and for many years maintained its reputation with unfaded popularity.

Price $1 per bottle. E. F. KUNKEL, Sole Proprietor, No. 259 North Ninth street, below Vine, Philadelphia.

Ask for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other. v4n29-1y

Grain and Flour Markets.

Corrected Weekly by C. D. Kesler.
BELLEFONTE, Nov. 6th 1872.

White Wheat per bushel	$1 95
Red wheat	1 90
New Wheat	1 90
Barley	50
Corn, ears	40
Shelled corn	60
Oats	40
Rye per bushel	75
Buckwheat per bushel	75
Clover seed " "	5 00
Plaster ₩ ton	15 00

Provision Market.

Corrected Weekly by C. D. Keller.

Apples, dried, per lb	@6½
Peaches, dried, per	12½@15@22
Cherries, dried, per lb	5
Beans per quart	10
Fresh Butter lb	25
Chickens, per piece	25
Turkeys, per lb	8
Cheese per lb	25
Hams per lb	12
Bacon	20
Lard per lb	8
Eggs per doz	25
Sides	9
Hams	20
Tallow, per pound	8
Rags	3
Potatoes per bushel new	40
Dried Beef	

BOSTON BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

WEEKLY PRICE LIST.

Boys Calf Boots, pegged	$3 50
Mens " "	5,00
Mens " " sewed	5,00
" " " "	6,00
" Grand Duke Alexis, sewed	3,50
" Surge Congress Shoes "	2,50
" Canvass Boots sewed	2,50
Women's Surge Laced Boots	1.25
Mens Grain Slippers	1,00
Womens Cloth Slippers	50
" Surge "	85
" Kid "	95
Boys Buff Congress, pegged	2,00
Mens Patent Leather Boots, sewed	5,50
" " " Congress "	5,00
" Brogans, pegged	1,50

30-tf.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Martha Cronemiller, late of Harris twp., dec'd., were granted to the undersigned residing in said twp., on the 9th day of October, 1872, who requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

GEO. CRONEMILLER,
Housersville, Pa.,
JACOB CRONEMILLER,
Martha Furnace, Pa.
40-6t

AUDITORS NOTICE.—The undersigned an Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre county, to ascertain debts and make distribution of the balance in the hands of Geo. Livingston, Administrator of Elizabeth Stone, deceased, as paid into Court by A. O. Furst, Esq., Executor of George Livingston, deceased, among those legally authorized to receive the same, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, on THURSDAY the 14th day of NOVEMBER, 1872, when and where all persons interested may attend.

E. M. BLANCHARD,
41-4t Auditor.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAY BULLS.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Boggs twp., on or about the 25th day of July, 1872

TWO RED BULLS.

The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take them away, otherwise they will be disposed of as the law directs.

43-3t. JAMES McMULLEN.

COMMISSIONERS NOTICE.—The undersigned a Commissioner appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre county to take testimony, and report the facts "In the matter of the Petition of the Executors of Wm. A. Thomas, dec'd., to prove contract with Milliken, Burly & Co. will attend to the duties of his appointment at the office of Bush & Yocum, Bellefonte, Pa., on FRIDAY, the 15th day of NOVEMBER, A. D., 1872, at 2 o'clock P. M., when all parties interested may attend if they think proper.

GEO. M. YOCUM,
41-4t Commissioner.

IN the Orphans' Court of Centre county. In the matter of the inquisition and allotment of of the Real Estate of David Reese, late of Gregg Township, dec'd. The auditor appointed by the Court to ascertain and report liens upon said Real Estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment and meet the parties interested therein, on MONDAY, November 11th, 1772, at two o'clock P. M., at his office in Bellefonte.

JAS. T. HALE,
41-4t Auditor.

COMMISSIONERS NOTICE.

Com. of Penna. } No. 25 August T., 1872,
vs. }
Alexander Dillon, } Desertion.

The undersigned appointed a Commissioner, to take testimony in this suit and report the same to next Court of Quarter Sessions, to be held on the 4th Monday of November next, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Bellefonte, on Friday, November 22nd, 1872, at 12 o'clock, M., where and when those interested may attend.

ISAAC LYTLE,
43-4t. Commissioner.

FRUIT TREES

For Fall of 1872, and Spring of 1873, at the Bald Eagle Nursery Unionville, (Fleming P. O.,) Centre county, Pa.

I wish to call the attention of those wishing to plant, to my present stock, particularly apple and peach trees, being quite equal if not superior to those of previous years. It is now a pretty well established fact, that the less change of soil and climate in transplanting a tree the better, therefore those of Centre and adjoining counties may avail themselves of that advantage by coming or sending their orders to me. I do not promise to show any high colored plates of the fruit; but the real apples themselves of the most noted and approved varieties. Apple and peach trees, $15 per 100, or in less quantities at he same rate. I have but a limited quantity of Pear, Cherry and Plum trees, price 50 cents each. Evergreens, Silver and Sugar Maples 50 cents, Concord Grape Vines 25 cents. No additional charge for putting up for shipment and delivering to the Railroad, at Unionville, and when the selection for an Orchard is left to me, I will endeavor to make out a suitable one. The Fall is a favorable time to plant apple trees; but the Spring is better for other trees and plants,

43-3t. WM. P. FISHER.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, will be sold at public sale, on the premises, in Harris township, in said Centre county, on

SATURDAY THE 23d DAY OF NOVEMBER,

1872, at one o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, late of John Coble, dec'd., to wit; all that lot or piece of land situate in Harris twp., aforesaid, bounded as follows: Beginning at a white oak, corner of land belonging to the heirs of Martin Houser and Geoge Cronemiller, thence South 65 degree West, 85¾ perches to a post on George Cobles line in Public road, thence along said George Cobles line South 80¾ degrees East 14¾ perches to a post, thence along land of heirs of George Cronemiller, North 65 degrees West 14 perches to place of begining, containing 64 rods more or less, having thereon erected a good dwelling house, a barn nearly new, and other necessary out buildings.

TERMS OF SALE:—One half the purchase money upon confirmation of sale, and balance in one year thereafter, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

WILLIAM M'FARLANE,
43-3t. Adm'r.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, the undersigned Administrators of, &c., of Archibald Allison, late of Porter twp., county of Clinton, dec'd., will offer at Public Sale, at Lucas' corner in the Borough of Howard, Centre county, on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15th, 1872,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

Beginning at a stone heap, thence along land of John Irwin, North 18 deg. West 205 perches to a pine; thence along land of Christopher Smith and Peter Sitle 47 deg. West, 344 perches to a black oak; thence along land of Geo. Hoy, South 18 deg. East 205 perches to a stone heap; thence along lands of Venatta Beck, Yearick and others North 47 deg. East 344 perches to place of beginning, containing

388 ACRES

and allowances, forty acres of which tract are in a good state of cultivation and finely improved, having erected thereon a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE,
AND A NEW
BANK BARN!

There is also on the premises, near the house, a Good Spring of Running Water and a fine orchard Apple and Peach Trees. The property will be sold as one tract, or divided to suit purchasers.

TERMS OF SALE:—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale, one-half the balance on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage.

WILLIAM ALLISON,
ROBERT B. BROWN,
42-ts. Adm'rs.

ABRAHAM SUSSMAN

Takes pleasure in informing the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity that, since the dissolution of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, he has taken the

LOWER ROOM

of the two extensive ones lately occupied by them, in Bush's Arcade, where he is now dealing extensively and exclusively in

LEATHER,

SHOE FINDINGS,

MOROCCO SKINS,

TRUNKS, &c.

RAW HIDES BOUGHT AND SOLD!

The undersigned also makes a specialty of

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED

which he both buys and sells.

CALL IN! CALL IN!

And my word for it, great bargains can be had.

n17v4-1y. ABRAHAM SUSSMAN.